

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Miss Knight. — The Princess Charlotte, . . . <i>Quarterly Review,</i>	531
2. Concerning The World's Opinion, . . . <i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	550
3. My Uncle's Story, . . . <i>National Magazine,</i>	564

POETRY.—Drinking Songs, 530. Universal Prayer, 530. The Origin of Language, 576. Retrospection, 576.

SHORT ARTICLES.—World's Fair, 549. Name for the United States, 563.

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DRINKING SONGS. *Mr. Haskell*: Under the caption of "*Brilliant*," you have published the following.

DRINKING SONG.

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,
So through life's desert springing sweet,
The flower of friendship grows;
And as, where'er the roses grow,
Some rain or dew descends,
'Tis Nature's law that wine should flow
To wet the lips of friends.
Then once again, before we part
My empty glass shall ring;
And he that has the warmest heart
Shall loudest laugh and sing.

They say we were not born to eat:
But gray-haired sages think
It means, Be moderate in your meat,
And partly live to drink;
For baser tribes the rivers flow
That know not wine or song:
Man wants but little drink below,
But wants that little strong,
Then once again, etc.

O. W. HOLMES.

To have written anything for the benefit of mankind, and especially of the rising generation, must remain among the *hæc dim meminisse juvabit* of the writer. I therefore send you a humble imitation, making up in grave, every-day truth, whatever it may lack, in Bachanalian fiction.

DRINKING SONG.

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet,
The reckless drunkard goes,
He cannot keep upon his feet,
And tumbles on his nose.
Wine wears its welcome out, ere long—
Says he, the time has come,
To change this trash for something strong,
And wet my lips with rum.
Then once again, before we part,
My empty glass shall ring;
And he that has the warmest heart
Shall first be drunk on sling.

They say we were not born to eat,
And gray-haired tipplers think
We spend too much for butcher's meat,
And not enough for drink.
Water may suit the grow'ling soul
Unused to wine and song—
Now soon we think the sparkling bowl
Can never be too strong!
Then once again, before we part,
My empty glass shall ring,
And he that has the warmest heart
Shall first be drunk on sling.

About our path, about our bed,
When care and sorrow come,
There's nothing for an aching head
And bursting heart like rum.

Wine, on the jaded stomach falls—
'Tis profitless to sip.
The leech prescribes—and nature calls
For Santacruzan flip.
'Twas *mala praxis*, from the first;
And now no power can save—
Death comes, at last, to quench his thirst,
Deep in the drunkard's grave.
Then once again, before we part,
My empty glass shall ring—
And he who has the warmest heart
Shall first be drunk on sling.
—*Transcript.*

SIGMA.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

[From "The Martyrdom of Kelayane. A Poem." London, 1861.—Kelayane was a Georgian princess, who was martyred for Christianity by the Persians in 1624.]

THE sweet solemnities of simple prayer—
That blessed mystery of daily life!

The earth hath unseen altars everywhere,
To pacify with love the world of strife.
Out of the darkness comes a holy cry
Of children to their Father, all night long;
A cry for help goes up the silent sky,
A cry that love transforms into a song.

The tempest roars, but cannot ring it down;
The thunder stills it not; the ocean wild
May howl up through the heavens, it cannot
drown

The simplest prayer that's breathed by a
child.

Men walk among the ancient yromises,
And know that God is on Mount Horeb still,
Although no prophet sees him face to face,
Although no more he thunders from the hill.

The silence of the desert still is his;
The pilgrimage of sorrow, his dread hand
Doth guide through all the weary wilderness,
Betwixt old Egypt and the promised land.
The mother mourning by the bed of death,
The childless widow, and the orphan lone.
Cry all, "O Father!" and the ear of faith
Receives its answer from the eternal throne.

And still the cry goes up the silent night;
From out the trouble goes a prayer for peace;
And from the darkness goes a cry for light;
And from captivity for sweet release;
And from repentant lips, with pleading hoarse,
Rise hope's faint accents, broken with dismay;
And from the flaming bosom of remorse
A cry for that sweet peace it threw away.

Oh, heartfelt prayers have more than angels'
wings;
And bruised souls there be, and men forlorn,
Who sit all night and cry aloud with kings,
Who lay aside their golden crowns, and mourn
In one community of humble hearts,
O'er all the earth where faithful men have trod,
In that grand unity which faith imparts,
The mystery of one broad life in God.

From The Quarterly Review.

Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady-Companion to the Princess Charlotte of Wales: with Extracts from her Journals and Anecdote-Books. Two vols. London, 1861.

MORE than twenty years ago the world was scandalized by the appearance of the "Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth," which made public such strange revelations respecting the court-history of the Regency. The book was condemned by public opinion, with an universal and righteous expression of disgust. The compiler, for the sake of earning a little money, had poured profusely out all the scandal hoarded in volumes of ill-natured note-books, and in numbers of confidential and careless letters, deeply affecting the character of some and the memory of many more, and in especial that of a benefactress. But it would probably have been dismissed with more of contempt than of hostile notice, had it not also deeply affronted two classes of readers, usually opposed to each other—those who thought conservative principles engaged in the defence of the character of George IV., of which singular sect there were still a few living in 1838; and those, more powerful in that day, who had more or less committed themselves by their advocacy of the unfortunate Queen Caroline. Twenty years more have pretty nearly disposed of both these classes, and indeed of all who take any interest in the intrigues of Carlton House, and Warwick House, and Connaught Place, except as matters of historical gossip, or who care for the accurate distribution of posthumous contempt between the unhappy couple whose sordid quarrels were once affairs of State, and puzzled the wits and almost broke the hearts of statesmen who had nerve to confront Europe in arms. It is therefore with comparative indifference that we find the favorite tattle of our grandmothers once more revived by the publication of these relics of Miss Cornelia Knight, or Ellis Cornelia Knight, as she signs herself; lady-companion, as she ought to have been styled—under-governess as people would persist in styling her—to the Princess Charlotte during the eventful years of her life 1813 and 1814. Not that we would commit the gross injustice of comparing Miss Knight to the diarist in question. We cannot believe

that Miss Knight intended her so-called Autobiography for publication, though her editor, Mr. Kaye, gives reasons for thinking she did; and, at all events, she did not betray, or enable others to betray, the confidences made to her in correspondence, by keeping and docketing private letters. Nor are her remains satirical in style, nor very liberal in their revelations. Miss Knight had the character in her generation of being an extremely cautious person, and her caution exhibits itself curiously enough in these volumes; for while at one time she notes down, in the most tranquil and matter-of-fact way, circumstances which any one who was interested in the personages concerned would forget if they could, or commit at all events to their memory alone, she seems at other times embarrassed by the delicacy of her own secrets, and chronicles them with much apparatus of mystery. She reminds us, occasionally, of that poor comrade of Thistlewood the traitor who wrote down some political sentiments in prison to please a fancier of autographs, but could not refrain, through habit, from designating Sidmouth and Castlereagh by initials and dashes, though he was going to be hanged next morning. But the general impression produced by the present diarist is only a trifle less painful than that left by her predecessor. She is constantly imputing, often by such quiet insinuation as is not readily detected, low or crooked motives to almost every person concerned in the Princess Charlotte's affairs. Traits of the worst description are recorded with such dispassionate tranquillity, that it is only on reflection and second reading that we become conscious how very base, and even shocking, are the conduct or sentiments thus calmly ascribed. It is therefore one of those books of scandal of which it is impossible not to regret the publication; such as do but cause unnecessary annoyance, if not to the living, to those who cherish the memories of their dead, while they add absolutely nothing to our knowledge of any fraction of history worth knowing. But as such books will always continue to be published while money is an object with "families into whose hands they have got," and will certainly be read when published (Miss Knight has already reached a third edition), we must content ourselves with entering this, our conventional protest,

in opposition to the arguments by which Mr. Kaye justifies the publication, and proceed.

Miss Knight was the daughter of Admiral Sir Joseph Knight, an officer of well-deserved reputation. She made the acquaintance, as a girl, of "Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and other celebrities of the age." She attained in her day considerable reputation "as a lady of extensive learning and manifold accomplishments." Mrs. Piozzi calls her "the far-famed Cornelia Knight." She wrote "*Dinarbas, a Sequel to Rasse-las*," and "*Marcus Flaminius, a View of the Military, Political, and Social Life of the Romans*," a novel in two volumes, which, as Mr. Kaye rather satirically remarks, "being in the stately classical style, hit the taste of the age." But judging from these remains alone, and not having read either *Dinarbas* or *Marcus Flaminius*, we should be inclined to suspect that the learning which gained her celebrity did not reach much beyond the standard required for astonishing "persons of quality." It did not certainly preserve her from startling historical mistakes, or from a pertinacious inability to spell foreign names (which her editor has not taken the trouble to correct), and to scan either French or Latin verses.*

Miss Knight's father, Sir Joseph, died in 1775, when she was about eighteen; and Lady Knight, being in straitened circumstances, and unable to obtain a pension, went with her daughter to live on the Continent. They dwelt a good deal at Rome, where Miss Knight picked up an amount of knowledge of the personages and ways of its curious court very rare with English people, and which furnishes the most amusing portion of her foreign diaries. She was at Rome when the French agitator, Basseville, was murdered by the Conservative mob, in 1793. In 1798, when Berthier occupied the Eternal City, she and her mother effected their escape to Naples with some difficulty. And here commences that which—when we remember what she afterwards became—is the most curious chapter in Miss Knight's history; over which her editor passes with very discreet forbearance of remark. She and her mother established the closest intimacy with Sir William Hamilton, the British envoy, and with his too celebrated wife. They partook in all the vehement enthusiasm with

which the victory of the Nile and Lord Nelson's triumphant arrival at Naples were saluted by the English there. They were also the eye-witnesses and the partakers of the idolatry evinced by the King and Queen of Naples, and by Lady Hamilton, for the hero who threw himself so unsuspectingly into their arms. She became a kind of deputy poetess laureate for the occasion; added a stanza—"Join we great Nelson's name," and so forth—to the National Anthem; and addressed strains commencing, "Come, cheer up, fair Delia," to Lady Hamilton, in connection with the great commander. She became, apparently, the indispensable inmate of that circle. She accompanied them to Palermo, and there Lady Knight died, in 1799; and "*Cornelia*," says the editor, "in fulfilment of her mother's dying injunctions, placed herself under the protection of the Hamiltons." Miss Knight herself tells us nothing of this, nor of the causes which led her to form so close an attachment to her ladyship, whom she cautiously terms "a singular mixture of right and wrong." She only informs us that she left Sicily in company with the Hamiltons, with Lady Hamilton's mother Mrs. Cadogan, Lord Nelson, and the Queen of Naples, on the 8th June, 1800, for Leghorn; and proceeded thence to Ancona, which place they reached after a difficult and somewhat romantic journey. She reached Trieste by a different ship; but there rejoined the Hamilton and Nelson party, and proceeded with them on what may be called their triumphal route through Germany, by Vienna, Dresden, and Hamburg. They arrived in town in November, when Miss Knight "went to a hotel in Albemarle Street with Mrs. Cadogan." And it is scarcely necessary to say that Miss Knight's account of the journey contains little but a chronicle of the decorous ovations with which it was attended.

Now let us turn to the other side of the story. In the summer of 1800, Mrs. St. George, an Irish widow lady of family, was residing in Germany, and familiar with several of its courts. She was young, of much talent, and a very lively power of observation. Portions of her "*Journal*" have been printed by her son, the present Dean of Westminster. We extract from it without comment, which is quite unnecessary, the passages which relate to the sojourn of Nelson,

* See vol. ii., pp. 181 and 197.

the Hamiltons, and Miss Knight at Dresden:—

"Oct. 2.—Dined at the Elliots'. [Mr. Elliot was British Minister at the Saxon Court.] While I was playing at chess with Mr. Elliot, the news arrived of Lord Nelson's arrival, with Sir. W. and Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Cadogan, mother of the latter, and Miss Cornelia Knight, famous for her 'Continuation of Rasselas' and 'Private Life of the Romans.'

"Oct. 3.—Dined at Mr. Elliot's, with only the Nelson party. It is plain that Lord Nelson thinks of nothing but Lady Hamilton, who is totally occupied by the same object. She is bold, forward, coarse, assuming, and vain. Her figure is colossal, but, excepting her feet, which are hideous, well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint*. She resembles the bust of Ariadne; the shape of all the features is fine, as is the form of her head, and particularly her ears; her teeth are a little irregular, but tolerably white; her eyes bright blue, with a brown spot in one, which, though a defect, takes nothing away from her beauty and expression. Her eyebrows and hair are dark, and her complexion coarse. Her expression is strongly marked, variable, and interesting; her movements in common life ungraceful; her voice low, but not disagreeable. Lord Nelson is a little man, without any dignity, who, I suppose, must resemble what Suwarrow was in his youth, as he is like all the pictures I have seen of that General. Lady Hamilton takes possession of him, and he is a willing captive, the most devoted and submissive I have seen. Sir William is old, infirm, all admiration of his wife, and never spoke to-day but to applaud her. Miss Cornelia Knight seems the decided flatterer of the two, and never opens her mouth but to show forth their praise; and Mrs. Cadogan, Lady Hamilton's mother, is what one might expect. After dinner we had several songs in honor of Lord Nelson, written by Miss Knight, and sung by Lady Hamilton. She puffs the incense full in his face, but he receives it with pleasure, and snuffs it up very cordially. . . .

"Oct. 7.—Lady H—— continues her demonstrations of friendship, and said many fine things about my accompanying her at sight. Still she does not gain upon me. I think her bold, daring, vain, even to folly, and stamped with the manner of her first situation much more strongly than one would suppose, after having represented Majesty and lived in good company fifteen years. Her ruling passions seem to me vanity, avarice, and love for the pleasures of the table. She shows a great avidity for presents, and

has actually obtained some at Dresden by the common artifice of admiring and longing. Mr. Elliot says she will captivate the Prince of Wales, whose mind is as vulgar as her own, and play a great part in England. . . .

"Oct. 8.—Dined at Madame de Loss', wife to the Prime Minister, with the Nelson party. The Electress will not receive Lady Hamilton, on account of her former dissolute life. She wished to go to court, on which a pretext was made to avoid receiving company last Sunday, and I understand there will be no court while she stays. Lord Nelson, understanding the Elector did not wish to see her, said to Mr. Elliot, "Sir, if there is any difficulty of that sort, Lady Hamilton will knock the Elector down, and — me, I'll knock him down too." She was not invited in the beginning to Madame de Loss', upon which Lord Nelson sent his excuse, and then Mr. Elliot persuaded Madame de Loss to invite her.

"Oct. 9.—A great breakfast at the Elliots', given to the Nelson party. Lady Hamilton repeated her attitudes with great effect. All the company, except their party and myself, went away before dinner; after which Lady Hamilton, who declared she was passionately fond of champagne, took such a portion of it as astonished me. Lord Nelson was not behindhand; called more vociferously than usual for songs in his own praise, and after many bumpers proposed the Queen of Naples, adding, 'She is my queen; she is queen to the backbone.' Poor Mr. Elliot, who was anxious the party should not expose themselves more than they had done already, and wished to get over the last day as well as he had done the rest, endeavored to stop the effusion of champagne, and effected it with some difficulty, but not till the lord and lady, or, as he calls them, Antony and Moll Cleopatra, were pretty far gone. I was so tired I returned home soon after dinner, but not till Cleopatra had talked to me a great deal of her doubts whether the queen would receive her, adding, 'I care little about it. I had much sooner she would settle half Sir W.'s pension on me.' After I went, Mr. Elliot told me she acted Nina intolerably ill, and danced the Tarantola. During her acting Lord Nelson expressed his admiration by the Irish sound of astonished applause, which no written character can imitate, and by crying every now and then, 'Mrs. Siddons be d—d!' Lady Hamilton expressed great anxiety to go to court, and Mrs. Elliot assured her it would not amuse her, and that the Elector never gave dinners or suppers. 'What!' cried she, 'no guttling?' Sir William also this evening performed feats of activity, hopping

round the room on his backbone, his arms, legs, star and ribbon all flying about in the air.

"Oct. 10.—Mr. Elliot saw them on board [a boat on the Elbe] to-day. He heard by chance from a king's messenger that a frigate waited for them at Hamburg, and ventured to announce it formally. He says, 'The moment they were on board there was an end of the fine arts, of the attitudes, of the acting, the dancing, and the singing. Lady Hamilton's maid began to scold in French about some provisions which had been forgot, in language quite impossible to repeat, using certain French words which were never spoken but by *men* of the lowest class, and roaring them out from one boat to another. Lady Hamilton began bawling for an Irish stew, and her old mother set about washing the potatoes, which she did as cleverly as possible. They were exactly like Hogarth's actresses dressing in the barn.'"

Now, it may be said once for all, it is open to every one to make such allowance as he may think proper for the youth and vivacity and slightly satirical turn of the authoress of these sketches. But they must be substantially true. They were written down on the impression of the moment, and preserved for no purpose except that of communication to her own family. There is no suspicion of intended publication here. Some, in their veneration for the memory of Lord Nelson, have been displeased at their appearance. They are wrong, we think. To get at the truth about the *tracasseries* of Carlton House is of no conceivable importance to mankind; but that the character of one of the real heroes of history should be thoroughly known—known in its weaknesses no less than its strength—is of very considerable importance indeed. Such men must not be painted "en buste." Nor is there any fear that the real fame of Nelson will suffer by additional exposures of his follies about Lady Hamilton. As well criticise Samson for his relations with Dalilah. The truth is that there are marked men in history, though very few, whose character is of the Samsonic type—men of unlimited bravery, intense and contagious enthusiasm, absolute simplicity and honesty of purpose, and withal the merest children, or worse than children, in point of external demeanor

and of personal weaknesses, whether of the same nature with those of Nelson or not. Such men were Wolfe, Seidlitz, Suwarrow (to whom Mrs. St. George acutely compares Nelson). Such is Garibaldi. Men like these are always cherished, as they should be, in popular affection, and lose little or nothing of their peculiar popularity after Time has done its worst in disclosing their failings.

But the strange part of this Teniers-like bit of history, for our present purpose, consists in the light which it reflects on the real characteristics of the refined Miss Cornelia Knight, "lady-companion" a few years afterwards to the Princess Charlotte. We find her, not a young girl deprived of her natural protector, but a demure orphan of forty-two, deliberately attaching herself to the fortunes and society of this bacchanalian citizeness of the demi-monde, and her convenient mother. We do not insinuate the slightest scandal against Miss Knight. Though she must have handled a vast deal of pitch between Palermo and Albemarle Street, she remained undefiled; and far from having any imputation cast upon her, she passed for a model of decorum, if not quite "one of the most high-minded women in the world, and the kindest-hearted," as Lady Charlotte Bury calls her, in the spirit of Connaught-House partisanship. Her condescension, and that of others, to the Hamiltons, was in some degree veiled by the blaze of Nelson's glory, and the services which the boldness and readiness of his Emma had rendered to the British cause. She was attached to them by the ties of dependence and gratitude. "Most of my friends," she says after her arrival in London, "were very urgent with me to drop the acquaintance; but circumstanced as I had been, I feared the charge of ingratitude, though greatly embarrassed what to do, for things became very unpleasant." (Vol. i. p. 162.) All this sufficiently accounts for the indulgence of society towards her; but it does not account for the extraordinary circumstance that a lady, whose antecedents in this respect were so unlucky, was selected, first as the familiar attendant of the stiff Queen Charlotte, next as the "lady-companion" of that queen's granddaughter during the most critical years of her brief life. That the travelling-companion of Emma

* Journal kept during a visit to Germany in 1799 and 1800, edited by the Dean of Westminster, pp. 75-83.

Hamilton should have been chosen, not simply to play propriety in a youthful Princess' drawing-room, but to train her heart and intellect, and watch over her under circumstances of embarrassment and delicacy almost unparalleled, is such a fact as the greatest enemy of courts would scarcely have dared to invent. We fear it can only remain on record as a proof how indescribably low the standard, not exactly of morals, but of moral sentiment, had descended in ours, at the period in question.

So, however, it fell out. In March, 1805, Miss Knight was taken into the service of Queen Charlotte, without any solicitation, she says, on her part:—

"Her Majesty had been pleased to express a desire that I should be attached to her person, without any particular employment, but that I should be lodged at Windsor, in a house belonging to Her Majesty, with a maid in her service to do the work of the house. Her Majesty added that she would allow me £300 a year, and that I should be present at her evening parties when invited, and always on Sundays and red-letter days, and be ready to attend her in the morning when required to do so."—Vol. i. p. 168.

In this capacity she passed the melancholy season of the death of the Princess Amelia and final seclusion of George III.; and she adds some touching details of these events to those already known. In 1813 she was transferred, or rather transferred herself, to the service of the Princess Charlotte; but the circumstances of the change are very warily recounted, and not quite intelligibly. It seems that she had got heartily tired of the Queen's dreary little society—"dull, uninteresting, and monotonous; every year more confined, and ever, from the kindness of the royal family, condemned to listen to all their complaints and private quarrels." Nor does Queen Charlotte seem to have cared particularly for Miss Knight. But Her Majesty had the tenacity of soured old age. Miss Knight could not, therefore, get herself liberated without a most disproportionate amount of finesse and diplomacy. Sir Henry Halford was the agent employed by the Regent, as it should seem, to effect the lady's extradition. He wrote her a most pressing letter, offering her among other things, as she asserts, the title of "Honorable;" and "with this letter came two from the Princess Elizabeth, one of which was

written by the Queen's desire, to give me a hint that the Prince wished I should come forward to assist him . . . but adding, that the Queen would not bias me either way. The other letter was a private one, in which she urged me to write a letter to the Queen, showing an inclination to accept, and offering to consider myself still as in her service, or terms to that effect." The answer she received was unsatisfactory. "I saw," she says, "that the Queen wished me to take the refusal on myself, that she might not offend the Prince." She was dreadfully disappointed; and went, "with a heavy heart, after an hysterical fit," to the castle, where she met such a reception as compelled her to decline the Prince Regent's proposal. But the pressure on the part of Carlton House continued, until (if we may believe her) she adopted an expedient which seems to carry one back to the days when Queen Elizabeth's courtiers used to propitiate her with purses full of broad pieces. She was aware that Her Majesty was just at this time hard pressed for cash; and, renewing her supplication for permission to depart, "offered some arrangements which I thought would serve to free Her Majesty from embarrassment, and particularly the loan of one thousand pounds, without interest—a sum which I knew the Queen was at that time very desirous to procure, and which, added to the salary which I gave up, and the house which she might let, would set her completely at her ease in respect to Frogmore and the farm." But the Queen, unlike the governor of Tilbury, was proof against the allurements of the "thousand pounds." "To this letter I received, next day, two answers—the one, relative to my offer, of course private; and the other respecting my acceptance of the employment. Both were resentful and bitter to a high degree." Miss Knight was very angry, and so she told Lord Moira's wife and sister. "The ladies approved of my feelings, but Lord Moira did not. He thought my nerves ought to be braced against marks of resentment which he did not think I had deserved. *I did not mention to them the pecuniary part of the correspondence; nor is it known to any human being except one friend, who will never repeat it.*" (Vol. i. p. 196.) At last the arrangement was effected, as she tells us, by means of an urgent letter from the Prince Regent himself; pos-

sibly the "pecuniary part of the correspondence" had diminished her mistress' reluctance to part with her. But the Queen remained—at least in Miss Knight's belief—her fixed enemy to the end of her days; and she herself, as we shall see, ultimately repented having left Her Majesty.

On the 25th January, 1813, Miss Knight was "presented" on her new appointment. The establishment into which she had, with full knowledge of the facts, introduced herself, was certainly not such as the well-regulated mind of a duenna of fifty would usually select as a refuge after the storms of life. The daughter of George and Caroline was now just seventeen; a fine spirited girl, with much talent, much nobleness of heart, an ungoverned will, but a most affectionate, and through affection a controllable, disposition. Such is the verdict posterity may fairly pass on the poor perishing creature who then filled such a space in the public eye—the bright ephemeron of our history, or the "fair-haired daughter of the isles," of whom those who were grown men forty years ago can even now hardly read without some emotion. So hemmed in from childhood upwards by every evil influence—the victim of so much sinister design—that she should have won love and respect—that calmness should have glanced harmless from beside her, is surely enough to prove her real merit, even after all allowance for the exaggerations both of flattery and of faction, which, in her case, happened to combine. At the time when the Regent chose Miss Knight to attend her, he had been seized with a sudden fear lest his clever child should all at once chip the shell, and soar beyond his control. She had just had the boldness to ask her father, through Lord Liverpool, "that, as she understood Lady de Clifford had resigned, she might have no other governess, but an establishment of her own, and ladies-in-waiting." "I believe," says Miss Knight, "she wrote that letter by the advice of Miss Mercer Elphinstone, her old and intimate friend." We believe Miss Knight's suspicion of Miss Mercer's interference to be entirely false; and it will be seen presently how this misstatement is in keeping with many other particulars asserted or insinuated in this Autobiography respecting the lady in question, now Countess de Flahault. The Prince, however,

"was violently angry when he heard of the letter, and took Lord Eldon down with him to Windsor, where in the Queen's room, before Her Majesty, Princess Mary, and Lady de Clifford, in a very rough manner the learned lord expounded the law of England as not affording Her Royal Highness what she demanded; and, on the Prince's asking what he would have done as a father, he is said to have answered, 'If she had been my daughter, I would have locked her up.' Princess Charlotte heard this with great dignity, and answered not a word; but she afterwards went into the room of one of her aunts, burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'What would the King say if he could know that his granddaughter had been compared to the granddaughter of a collier?'"—Vol. i. p. 184.

The story is differently told (as the editor points out) in Lady Charlotte Bury's Diary, and more plausibly, as the epigram is ascribed to Lady de Clifford instead of the girlish Princess. Most probably neither version is true. The result, however, of "things being in this uncomfortable state," as Miss Knight calls it, was, that the new establishment, with the Duchess of Leeds at the head as "Governess," was framed by the Regent and Sir Henry Halford as nearly on a nursery model as the case would admit of. The Princess' "coming out," if such a phrase be applicable to princesses, was indefinitely postponed. "Warwick House" was selected as her place of confinement. We copy the description of it for the benefit of modern Londoners, and to show what accommodation was thought sufficient for presumptive royalty in the times when King George III. was content with a couple of lodging-houses on the Esplanade at Weymouth, and his offspring with the brick boxes about Kew:—

"Warwick House, in which Princess Charlotte and I, with an excellent family of old servants, were now the only residents, was an old, moderate-sized dwelling, at that time miserably out of repair, and almost falling to ruins. It was situated at the extremity of a narrow lane,* with a small courtyard and gates, at which two sentinels were placed. On the ground-floor were a hall, dining-room, library, comptroller's-room, and two very small rooms, with a good staircase, and two back staircases much

* "At the end of Warwick Street, which stretches from Cockspur Street towards the modern Carlton House Terrace," says the editor.

the reverse. . . . Yet for a private family it was far from being uncomfortable, though anything but royal. The drawing-room and Princess Charlotte's bedroom, with bay windows, looked on a small garden with a wall, and a road which divided it from the garden of Carlton House, to which there was a door of communication. Nothing could more perfectly resemble a convent than this residence; but it was a seat of happiness to Princess Charlotte compared with the Lower Lodge at Windsor, and she was anxiously desirous to remain in town as much as possible."

She was promised, according to Miss Knight, parties and balls, and drawing-rooms without number, to sweeten her seclusion; but no such promises were kept. "Every consideration was to be sacrificed to the plan of keeping the Princess Charlotte as much as possible a child;" and here we have the secret unconsciously revealed of great part of Miss Knight's dissatisfaction with her new office; for the title of "Sub-governess" which the court people persisted in giving her, and against which she continually remonstrated, was in keeping with that jealousy of the Princess' years which would fain have revoked the premature grant of a "lady-companion."

In this strictly watched retirement the poor young Princess had to endure a far severer trial than those of such petty annoyances—the tribulation brought on her by the quarrels between the Regent and Princess of Wales, which, in this summer, reached their height. We know that the natural yearning of a child's heart made the Princess lean strongly to the side of her mother. Great part of the people, and even of the court sympathized strongly with this tendency on her part. All London was affected on the famous occasion when their carriages met during a period of prohibited intercourse on Constitution Hill, and mother and daughter almost threw themselves into each other's arms—an event, by the way, to which Miss Knight does not advert, though it made a great sensation at the time. We know now what the Princess could not know, for none could explain it to her with the observance of the common sanctity of the maternal relation, why it was absolutely necessary to stifle that voice of affection. We know that in enforcing the separation as far as he could, the Regent was performing no more

than a duty, however repulsive. But then he, of all men, was the most utterly unfitted to enforce on a daughter precepts in themselves salutary. His deep sins against that mother—the unmanly, undignified character of his dealings with his family—the vices of his crapulous court—all these rose up in judgment against him, whenever he endeavored to take what, in the case of another father, might have been deemed salutary precautions. And all his faults were known to his daughter but too well, while the evidence of her mother's failings rested on hearsay, which she would not believe. The Regent, it must be plainly said for truth's sake, was one of those men on whom a course of hard profligacy has wrought out its own last revenge. Even when he meant well he could no longer act well. He had lost the refined sense of delicacy and honorable courtesy in dealing with man or woman; all that was left was a certain plausibility of manner, and even that manner has been severely observed upon by persons well qualified to judge. When his daughter was "thrown into agonies of grief" by the daily discussions about her mother's guilt, on the occasion of the famous Douglas Charges (in the spring of 1813), he could not forbear, according to Miss Knight, from forcing the poor girl to go with him through the hateful subject of "investigation" in the presence of Lord Liverpool, "as his confidential servant!" The Princess was "dreadfully overcome" by this piece of coarseness, and the Regent could not, for the life of him, conceive why, "for she had taken everything he had said to her, *when alone*, perfectly well!" Scenes illustrating the same deficiency of moral perception on his part abound throughout these pages.

"The Prince took me aside this evening [very shortly after her engagement with the Princess], and talked to me for a long while against the Princess of Wales, and the little regard she had shown for Princess Charlotte when a child, and how by her negligence there was a mark on the Princess Charlotte's nose, having left her hands at liberty, whereas *he* used continually to watch beside her cradle. He said very severe things of the Princess of Wales in every way, and even accused her of threatening to declare that the Princess was not his daughter. I really had not remarked this little blemish on the smooth and beautiful skin of my

young Princess, and should have had great difficulty in forbearing to smile at the seriousness with which that important misfortune was mentioned, if I had not been horrified by the rest of the conversation."—Vol. i. p. 211."

Even when the Regent meant kindly, his tactless and frivolous ways of proclaiming his authority were almost as annoying as his displeasure.

"He was in high good-humor this evening, but in the midst of it tapping me on the shoulder said, 'Remember, however, my dear Chevalier' his pet name for Miss Knight, 'that Charlotte must lay aside the idle nonsense of thinking that she has a will of her own; while I live she must be subject to me as she is at present, if she were thirty, or forty, or five-and-forty.' This, of course, I did not repeat to Her Royal Highness."

Occasionally the monotony of princely intercourse was varied for the inmates of Warwick House by such scenes as the following. After a birthday dinner at Sandhurst,—

"The Prince did not speak to Princess Charlotte, the Duchess, or me, but looked as if he wished to annihilate us. . . . When the Queen was about to depart, the Prince Regent was not to be found, and we afterwards learned that he, with the Duke of York, Prince of Orange (the father), and many others, were under the table. The Duke of York hurt his head very seriously against the cellaret. In short, it was a sad business."

Yet, coarse and unfeeling as the Prince may be deemed in his conduct to his child, it is justice to his memory to say that even the narrative of the resentful Miss Knight does not ascribe to him anything amounting to cruelty. His behavior was by turns overbearing, sulky, jealous, querulous—everything but what it should have been where the object was to conciliate and to restrain; but of intentional cruelty there is no evidence.

Of the associates in the same service whom Miss Knight encountered at Warwick House, she gives the following hopeful picture:—

"The Bishop of Salisbury used to come three or four times a week, and 'do the important' as her Royal Highness' 'preceptor.' He had expressed great satisfaction at my coming into her service, and had, I know, wished it many years before; but however willing I was to be on the best terms with the Bishop, and to induce Princess Charlotte to treat him with attention, I could not

but see how narrow his views, how strong his prejudices, and how unequal his talents were to the charge with which he had been entrusted by the good old King, much against the Prince's inclination. The Bishop's first points were to arm Princess Charlotte against the encouragement of Popery and Whig principles (two evils which he seemed to think equally great), and to appear himself a man of consequence. . . . The Bishop had been preceptor to the Duke of Kent, and living much at Windsor, where he was formerly a canon, had imbibed the *bad style of manners* belonging to that place" [this is an accusation against the Collegiate Chapel which we never heard of before]; "and as it was not grafted on any natural or acquired elegance, he was in that respect also unfit for his situation; added to which his temper was hasty, and his manner easily ruffled."—Vol. i. p. 233.

We by no means accept all poor Miss Knight's jaundiced views of the personages about the Princess; but it seems clear enough, from all we know of him, that Bishop Fisher, whatever his episcopal merits may have been, was about as fit to direct the intellect and control the temper of a young and sorely perplexed girl as he would have been to nurse a child of a year old. Under the Bishop were "Dr. Short, sub-preceptor, a good sort of Devonshire man, with some classical knowledge, very little taste, an honest heart, but over-cautious temper, fearful of offending;" "Mr. Sterkey? minister of the Swiss church, who read French with the Princess," strangely described as "a man of good manners for his station, and of a very pliant disposition, ready to do anything not absolutely wicked;" and Küper, the German preceptor, suspected of being a spy. Then there was the good Duchess of Leeds (governess), who had no inclination to quarrel with anybody, and really seems to have been the most sensible and cleanest of the party:—

"Provided that she might ride two or three times a week at Hall's, a second-rate riding-school, on an old quiet horse, for exercise, get into her shower-bath, and take calomel when she pleased, dine out, and go to all parties when invited, shake hands with everybody, and touch her salary, she cared for nothing more, except when mischievous people to plague her, or curious people to know what was going on, talked to her about Princess Charlotte's petticoats being too short, of Her Royal Highness nodding in-

stead of bowing, or talking to the maids of honor at chapel between the prayers and the sermon."

None of them perhaps quite what the disappointed lady-companion paints them, but evidently a wretchedly inferior set of attendants, from whom the proud and clever Princess instinctively withdrew herself into a state of mental insulation.

Such was the muddy whirlpool into which the unfortunate Miss Knight plunged herself, and in which, after an ineffectual struggle or two, she went, as we shall see, to the bottom. Unfortunately she did not enter the household as an impartial person. All its inmates naturally took one side or the other, the mother's or the father's; she had taken the former beforehand. This is plain on her own statement. "When Lord Moira was endeavoring to persuade me to accept the place offered me," she says, "I told him my sole motive then was to assist in *rescuing a noble young creature from surrounding persecution*, to give her room to show what she really was, misunderstood as she appeared to be, and certainly capable of becoming a blessing to her country or the reverse;" and more to the same effect. This passage really affords the key to her subsequent narrative. After reading it, one feels that her protestations of impartiality and a simple desire to perform a difficulty must go for nothing. All her actions were subject to a bias, and so is her narrative. She soon lost favor with the Prince Regent, and to lose favor with him was to become the object of a kind of effeminate, spiteful, and wayward hostility. Unfortunately she did not gain it with the Princess; and this was the crowning disappointment of her life. The Princess evidently had confidence in her steadiness, and wished, in her way, to be kind to her and to love her; but she did *not* love her, nor even like her; and the efforts went against the grain. We collect this from the general tenor of the Autobiography, as well as from Lady Charlotte Bury's express statement. But, with the natural feeling of unsuccessful candidates for the attachment of a superior, Miss Knight could not ascribe this failure to any demerits of her own, and attributed it throughout to the ill offices of another. And here commences the most objectionable part of the narrative. The

person on whom Miss Knight fixed as the subject of her jealousy was Miss Mercer Elphinstone. To her she ascribes, sometimes by assertion, more often by insinuation, almost every disappointment which occurred to herself. Miss Mercer was perhaps the only one of the Princess' few intimates who was the choice of her own heart. Some years older than the latter, she was able at once to be her adviser and her bosom friend. And although herself no favorite of the Regent, nor partial to him—in fact, involved in his general dislike of the "damned ladies"—she seems to have exercised that influence, on all important occasions, in order to persuade her friend into submission to her father. That such unpalatable advice should have been given and received without any interruption of their cordial relations, does honor to both. Accordingly, in the Princess of Wales' circle, Miss Mercer was regarded as one of those who "set the mother against the daughter,"* and Miss Knight probably shared the feelings of the Connaught-House party:—

"About this time," she says (March, 1813), "Miss Mercer Elphinstone came to town, and Princess Charlotte wrote to ask the Regent's permission for seeing her. It was evident that this had been arranged beforehand, and that the conditions were that Miss Mercer, who had more influence than any one with Princess Charlotte, should open her eyes to her mother's imprudence, and break the confidential intimacy between them."—Vol. i. p. 225.

We believe this to be altogether false. No conditions whatever were made with Miss Mercer; the permission was simply given to her father, who was in the Prince's household. However, we are told in the very next page:—

"I soon perceived the change, and also some difference of conduct towards myself. Princess Charlotte left off shaking hands with me when we met in the morning and parted at night; a circumstance trifling in itself, and unnecessary where people live in the same house together, but it was accompanied by hints that when she had an establishment her ladies should be kept at a distance; and a short time after, that her ladies ought to be peeresses or of the highest connections. I could easily guess whence all

* Lady Charlotte Bury's Diary, i. 249. See also Moore's Diary, vol. iii. p. 112.

this was derived, but said nothing." . . . Soon after, on a similar occasion, "I burst into tears, and was obliged to remain in my room that evening. Next day Princess Charlotte hinted something about jealousy, of which I took no notice; but I perceived her mind had been poisoned."

All this—and there is much more of such stuff—seems to have been in truth the mere prompting of the "green-eyed monster." Miss Mercer and Miss Knight were on the most friendly outward terms, and the former seems to have known nothing of what was rankling in the mind of the poor lady-companion.

These petty *tracasseries* were soon to give way to intrigues and annoyance of a more serious description. No young lady of great prospects, let alone her being,—

"The loveliest maid, besides,
That ever heired a crown,"*

can escape rumors of flirtation; and so long as the world goes on in its present way, such will be borne on every breeze. In the case of the Princess Charlotte, these began early enough. Already, when Miss Knight joined the household, talk was busy about Captain Fitzclarence, the late Lord Munster, whom, as we have been informed, the Princess scarcely knew by sight. Her father wished her to marry the young Prince of Orange, just restored to his Dutch expectations by the fall of Napoleon. The project was taken up very strongly by the Regent, partly from exceeding desire to get rid of the additional embarrassment occasioned by his daughter in his unhappy relations with his wife. The scheme did no discredit to its promoters: the Prince's character stood high, the marriage was in consonance with the British policy; but, somehow, Orange matches (notwithstanding the instance of the great Deliverer) have seldom been popular in England. At all events, the Princess could not abide him. As soon as she discovered what was in store for her, she seems to have been anxious to escape from persecution by some other union—she had scarcely considered what. She wanted to marry some one of the Princes of Prussia—she wanted to marry the Duke of Gloucester; and however the idea may provoke a smile from those who remember that

* When dressed for the evening, says Miss Knight, with excusable partiality, she was "the handsomest woman in the room."

kind-hearted Prince in later days, it was not thought so preposterous in 1813. Attachment to him she had not formed; but he had touched her feelings by words of friendly encouragement proffered in her deep troubles. One of her truest-hearted advisers, Lord Grey, did not disapprove of the idea. Lord Grey was a strong party man, and one whose judgment was as subject in general to be warped by party considerations as that of others; but not on a matter appealing so closely to the higher principles of his nature as the confidence of an almost friendless girl, and she the heiress of the throne. He seems, as far as we can judge, to have advised her in the spirit of a friend interested in her welfare alone, and at the same time free from that over-sensitive regard to her rank and position which affected the judgment of others:—

"About this time" (August, 1813), writes Miss Knight, "Her Royal Highness, by the advice of Miss Mercer, with whom she constantly communicated, entered into another correspondence which promised great utility. Politics were not concerned in it, and nothing could be more correct than the advice given with respect to her filial duty, as well as other points of her conduct. To this friend she communicated what had passed with her father; and the advice was, if possible, to comply with his wishes with regard to the Prince of Orange; but, if resolved to marry the Duke of Gloucester, to wait patiently until the age of twenty-one, when more efficacious measures could be pursued. This adviser professed himself the friend of the Duke, but certainly was fair and impartial in the manner in which he wrote."

A stranger notion than this seems to have entered the heads of some less authorized intermeddlers—that of marrying her to the Duke of Devonshire, then the rising star of the world of fashion. Miss Knight repeats an "ill-natured story" that Miss Mercer encouraged the Duke's expectations in this direction, in hopes that, if repulsed, he might fall back on herself. "I heard this story," she kindly says, "from every one, but did not believe it." (Vol. i. p. 243.) It gave rise, however, to the only smart saying we have seen attributed to Miss Knight, which is in Lady C. Bury's Diary: "There was hung (in a room at Warwick House) one portrait, amongst others, that very much resembled the Duke of Devonshire. I asked

Miss Knight whom it represented; she said that was not known: *it had been supposed a likeness of the Pretender when young.*"

All these ideas, however, evaporated, and the disagreeable reality pressed on. The young Princess did her best to comply with the general wish. She consented to marry the Prince of Orange, and then she withdrew her consent. High and low puzzled their brains to explain that inexplicable thing "the bent of woman's fantasy." Lord Castlereagh's solution was curt and characteristic: "Faction had been busy at work upon the Princess Charlotte's mind." ("Correspondence," vol. x. p. 61.) Others laid her obstinacy at her mother's door. Others detected the influence of the clever, handsome, intriguing Duchess of Oldenburg, sister of the Czar, whose proceedings in England were the subject of much comment among professed politicians; and these had certainly some reason to congratulate themselves on their clear-sightedness when the rejected Prince was ultimately picked up by another sister. Others looked to personal causes. Miss Knight thought the Prince "particularly plain and sickly in his look," and boyish in manner. Some said he had offended taste by a very glaring pair of scarlet breeches, donned in an inauspicious hour. Some, that by help of that "mad, droll German" Prince Paul of Wirtemberg, he got sadly intoxicated on one occasion when he had to dance with his intended—a disagreeable circumstance, but less unpardonable, perhaps, in the eyes of one who had been used (if Miss Knight can be believed) to see her father and the keeper of her father's conscience in a similar plight. The reason commonly assigned consisted in disputes about the Princess' residence in Holland; on which much ingenious constitutional lore was spent, furnished to the Princess either by Mr. Hallam or some equally competent authority. This, however, was no doubt an "official" reason only. Whatever the real cause may have been, it lay deeper. As for the mother herself, those who are acquainted with the debasing revelations of the "Diary of the Times of George the Fourth" know how she received, and used, the disagreement. Without one thought for her daughter's real happiness, she was wholly absorbed in exultation at the defeat of her husband's hopes by that daughter's "spir-

ited" resistance. She applauded it to the echo, and professed to believe that a plot had been thereby defeated for banishing the young Princess to the Continent, and then declaring her illegitimate! It is edifying to observe that each parent brought this charge against the other. This opposition ultimately led to those measures of increased severity on the part of the Regent which produced the Princess Charlotte's famous flight from Warwick House, in a hackney-coach, on July 12, 1814.

The immediate cause of those measures has, however, not been hitherto known. Miss Knight offers a solution of the question, if we can believe her. She brings Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg now on the scene as pressing his attentions on her mistress, "who was by no means partial to him, and only received him with civility. However, Miss Mercer evidently wished to recommend him." Had this been true, Miss Mercer could hardly repent of having promoted the event which secured a few short months of happiness to her ill-fated friend. But we believe there is no more foundation for this than for the many similar insinuations with which these pages are filled. Thus much only seems probable, that reports about Prince Leopold united with other causes in determining the Regent to get rid of all the Warwick House establishment, and carry the Princess Charlotte to his own home. And then followed the escapade in question, over which we wish to pause for a few moments, merely to show the apparent hopelessness of arriving at historical truth in details when an event so notorious, and in which so many took part, is represented with such strange discrepancies of narrative by independent eye-witnesses. The following is Miss Knight's account, omitting only some details about herself, and some sly, ill-natured hits at her *bête noire* Miss Mercer:—

"About six (in the evening of the 12th July) the Regent came (to Warwick House), attended by the Bishop only (as I supposed); but he came up alone, and desired I would leave him with Princess Charlotte. He was shut up with her three-quarters of an hour, and afterwards a quarter more with the Bishop and Her Royal Highness. The door then opened, and she came out in the greatest agony, saying she had but one instant to speak to me, for that the Prince asked for

me. I followed her into her dressing-room, when she told me the new ladies were in possession of the house; that I and all the servants were to be dismissed; that she was to be confined at Carlton House for five days, after which she was to be taken to Cranbourne Lodge, in the midst of Windsor Forest, where she was to see no one but the Queen once a week; and that if she did not go immediately, the Prince would sleep at Warwick House that night as well as all the ladies. I begged her to be calm, and advised her to go over as soon as possible, assuring her that her friends would not forget her. She fell on her knees in the greatest agitation, exclaiming, 'God Almighty grant me patience!' I wished to stay and comfort her, but she urged me to go to the Prince, for fear of greater displeasure. I went to him, and he shut the door; the Bishop was with him. He told me he was sorry to put a lady to inconvenience, but that he wanted my room that evening for the ladies, repeating what Princess Charlotte had already told me. I asked in what I had offended, but he said he made no complaint, and would make none; that he had a right to make any changes he pleased, and that he was blamed for having let things go on as they had done. . . . I then made a low curtsy to him and left the room. What was my astonishment when I could not find Princess Charlotte anywhere, and when at length Miss Mercer and her maid, who had come (as was often the case) to dress her before dinner, appeared from my bedroom, the latter crying, and Miss Mercer saying she supposed Princess Charlotte was gone to her mother! The Prince came forward when I returned to the dressing-room, and I brought Miss Mercer, who desired I would do so, that she might not be suspected of anything clandestine. She told him that as she was dressing herself in Princess Charlotte's bedroom, she heard her say she would go to her mother's (Lewis, the dresser, thought when she took her bonnet she was going to Carlton House), and before they could prevent it she had disappeared. The Prince was very cool, and seemed rather pleased, saying he was glad that everybody would now see what she was, and that it would be known on the Continent, and no one would marry her. . . . The Bishop and Miss Mercer offered to go and look for her, and proposed my accompanying them, which I refused, saying I should wait, for that I did not wish to be in *that house*—meaning the Princess of Wales'—but that if I went, and Princess Charlotte asked me to stay with her, I could not refuse remaining with her *there or in a prison*. . . . About nine the Bishop returned. He did not come to me, but I heard he was gone

over to Carlton House, that he had found Princess Charlotte, but had not brought her with him. I therefore went immediately to Connaught Place, and asked to see Princess Charlotte alone. Lady Charlotte Lindsay, in waiting on the Princess of Wales, came out to me and told me that Her Royal Highness was with her mother, Miss Mercer Elphinstone, and Mr. Brougham, in the next room, and the Princess of Wales desired I should walk in. She added how much the Princess had been surprised when she heard, by a messenger despatched from the house to Blackheath (whither she had gone on business), that Princess Charlotte was there, and not finding Mr. Whitbread and another member—I forget whom—to advise with, had sent for Mr. Brougham, and that before she got home Princess Charlotte had sent for the Duke of Sussex. I still begged to see Princess Charlotte alone, to which Lady Charlotte Lindsay seemed willing to consent; but Miss Mercer, who came in, said she had promised the Regent not to leave her alone with any one. I said, rather stiffly, that she might go with me, and Her Royal Highness withdrew with me into the part of the room separated by columns, when I gave her her seals, to which was annexed a key, and a letter which had come during her absence. She met me with great joy, and told me I was to stay with her, for she had written offering to go to her father on that condition, and that she would retain her maid, and receive the visits of Miss Mercer. We waited some time for the return of the Bishop with the answer to these proposals, and at length I offered to go to Carlton House, and endeavor to see the Prince. I did, but could not see him. I was told that I might see the Chancellor or Lord Liverpool. I answered I was ready to see either of them, when I was ushered into a room where the Chancellor and Lord Ellenborough were seated at each end of a long table. The former informed me that the Bishop was returned with the answer that Her Royal Highness must submit unconditionally, on which I replied that I had nothing more to do but return to her, and take her maid and night-things, as she might be obliged to remain that night in Connaught Place. . . . I went back to Princess Charlotte, taking with me Mrs. Lewis, her dresser; and when I arrived I found the Bishop had stated she must submit to return to her father unconditionally, holding out the hope that Miss Mercer would be allowed to visit her. I saw the letter she had written. It was very flattering to me; but I did not wish to have been made an object of controversy between her and her father. It was two in the morning before the Duke of York

arrived to take her away. I was too much affected to follow her down-stairs; . . . and I afterwards heard from the Duke of Sussex that a hackney-coach followed the Duke of York with the Chancellor and two other lawyers in it, as also that when dear Princess Charlotte arrived at Carlton House she was made to remain in the courtyard for more than half an hour, while they were debating within how they would receive her.*

Let us now compare with Miss Knight's story the account given by Lord Brougham † of the same event, thirty years after its occurrence. It must be premised that this cannot be well understood without reading Lord Eldon's succinct narrative of his own share in it, as reported by Mr. Twiss:—

"When we arrived I informed her a carriage was at the door, and we would attend her home. But home she would not go. She kicked and bounced, but would not go. Well, to do my office as gently as I could, I told her I was sorry for it, for until she did go, she would be obliged to entertain us, as we would not leave her. At last she accompanied us." ‡

"But this," says Lord Brougham, "is a perfect misstatement, indeed a pure fiction, and there are three persons living who know it to be so, and, having read the above lines, agree in so declaring it. When the Princess' escape became known at Carlton House (for it is not true, as stated by Mr. Twiss, that the Prince and Bishop went to see her at Warwick House, to inform her of the new constitution of her household, and that she asked leave to retire, and escaped by a back-staircase), the Regent sent notice to the heads of the law, and of his own Duchy of Cornwall establishment. Soon after these arrived, each in a separate hackney-coach, at Connaught Terrace, the Princess of Wales' residence. There were the Chancellor, Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Adam, Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, Mr. Leach, the Bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards the Duke of Kent. There had already come to join the Princess Charlotte, Miss Mercer, now Lady

Keith and Countess de Flahault, who came by the Regent's express desire as his daughter's most confidential friend; Mr. Brougham (for whom the young Princess had sent as a person she had already often consulted); the Duke of Sussex, whose attendance he had taken the precaution of asking, knowing that he happened to dine in the immediate neighborhood; the Princess of Wales, too, had arrived from her villa at Blackheath, where she was when Mr. Brougham and Miss Mercer arrived. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, then in waiting. Dinner had been ordered by the Princess Charlotte, and the party, except the Duke of Sussex, who did not immediately arrive, were at table, when from time to time the arrival of the great personages sent by the Regent was announced, as each of their hackney-coaches in succession came into the street. Some were suffered to remain in these vehicles, better fitted for convenience than for state; but the presumptive heiress to the crown having chosen that conveyance, it was the humor of the party, which she was now delighting with her humor and interesting by her high spirits, like a bird flown from a cage, that these exalted subjects should become familiar with a residence which had so lately been graced with the occupancy of their future sovereign. Exceptions, however, were made, and the Duke of York immediately was asked into a room on the ground-floor. It is an undoubted fact, that not one of the persons sent by the Regent, not even the Duke of York, ever was in any of the apartments above-stairs for one instant until the young Princess had agreed to leave the house and return home. The Princess of Wales saw the Duke of York for a few minutes below; and this was the only communication between the company above and those below—of whom all but the Duke and the Bishop remained outside the house. After a great deal of discussion, the Princess asked Mr. Brougham what he, on the whole, would advise her to do. He said, 'Return to Warwick House or to Carlton House, and on no account pass a night out of it.' She was exceedingly affected—even to tears—and asked if he too refused to stand by her. The day was beginning to break—a *Westminster election* to reinstate Lord William (after the sentence on him which abolished the pillory and led to his re-election) was to be held that day at ten o'clock. Mr. Brougham led the young Princess to the window, and said, 'I have but to show you to the multitude which in a few hours will fill these streets and that park, and possibly Carlton House will be pulled down; but in an hour after the soldiers will be called out, blood will flow,

* Vol. i. p. 304-310. Some slight additional details are given at the beginning of vol. ii.

† We quote from the "Law Review," vol. i.: "Life of Lord Eldon," attributed to Lord Brougham by Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors." There is a separate account in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1838, which is commonly ascribed to Lord Brougham also. And, lastly, there is the contemporaneous account in the Whig paper, the *Morning Chronicle* of July 14, 1814 (Miss Knight, vol. i. p. 311), which, from internal evidence, looks very like a *communiqué* from "Mr. Brougham." All three vary in some particulars.

‡ Life of Lord Eldon, vol. ii. p. 523.

and if your Royal Highness lives a hundred years, it will never be forgotten that your running away from your home and your father was the cause of the mischief; and you may depend upon it the English people so hate blood that you will never get over it.' She at once perceived the truth of this statement, and, without any kind of hesitation, agreed to see her uncle, below, and accompany him home. But she told him she would not go in any carriage except one of her father's, as her character might suffer; she therefore retired to the drawing-room until a royal coach was sent for, and she then went home with the Duke of York."

So far his lordship. We omit the singular story which follows, about the "protocol executed in sexplicate original," at Connaught House, before the Princess left it, solemnly recording her resolution never to marry the Prince of Orange, to which we find no allusion elsewhere.

Leaving out the contradiction of the statement in the "Life of Lord Eldon" (on which more presently), it will be seen that his lordship commences by declaring that "it is not true that the Prince and Bishop went to see the Princess at Warwick House at all." This assertion is sufficient of itself to show the extreme defectiveness of his lordship's memory. The fact that they *did* go to Warwick House is stated in all the narratives of the time, and has now received confirmation, if any such had been needed, from Miss Knight's plain narrative. We have also seen another authentic version of the occurrences at Warwick House, slightly differing from Miss Knight's but only by such minute discrepancies as occur every day between straightforward witnesses. After the Princess' first impetuous declaration that "she would go to her mother," she and the one or two friends who were endeavoring to calm her mind—

"were disturbed by the Bishop knocking loudly at the door of her bedroom; and the Princess, thinking that it was her father come to take her away, rushed through the passage which led to Miss Knight's apartment (which also communicated with the back stairs). Miss Mercer, on this, retreated to finish dressing in Mrs. Lewis' room. There was a window in this room which overlooked Warwick Lane; and the first suspicion which those in the room had of the Princess' flight was from hearing some persons who were working in the street say, 'Why, sure

it is the Princess who has run up the lane!' . . . The Princess had her bonnet on long before her interview with the Regent. Her flight was sudden and unpremeditated, under the influence of terror."

The next statement of Lord Brougham on which we are forced to comment is his description of the "dinner at Connaught Place," and of the events which there took place. It would appear from this that "the party," including Mr. Brougham himself, sat down to that jocosse meal, Lord Eldon, Lord Ellenborough, and other dignitaries of state, remaining outside, in their "hackney-coaches," not even asked indoors, while the Princess Charlotte—the terrified young creature who had just fled hither for protection against what her imagination represented as a frightful persecution—amused herself, and the rest of the company, by being extremely facetious at the expense of the dignitaries aforesaid! Such a story, if true, would scarcely increase our respect for the Princess, who, young as she was, would have been guilty of strangely indecorous trifling at such a moment, in a party of very unwonted associates. But apparently his lordship's playful memory has here again deceived him. Unless we are very much misinformed, Mr. Brougham was not one of the guests at that "dinner" at all. A hasty meal had been served in a small room adjoining the drawing-room, to which none sat down except the Princess of Wales, Princess Charlotte, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and Miss Mercer. Mr. Brougham—sent for as a legal adviser, not a guest—arrived while they were at table. The supposed concourse of hackney-coaches in front of the house during the dinner seems to be simply a melodramatic incident. Lords Eldon and Ellenborough very certainly were not there. We have seen that Miss Knight went to Connaught Place some time *after* the Princess' flight; found the above-named ladies there, and Mr. Brougham with them; waited there for some time for an answer from the Bishop of Salisbury to certain proposals; and then went to Carlton House, where she found the Chancellor and Lord Ellenborough "seated at each end of a long table." By this time it must have been late at night; and as the two legal sages were at Carlton House at the two ends of a long table, it is quite clear they were not, as Lord Brougham supposes,

sitting as butts for his and the Princess Charlotte's pleasantries in front of Connaught "Terrace," as his lordship calls it by the figure *prolepsis*. Miss Knight goes on to say, "it was two in the morning before the Duke of York arrived to take her (the Princess) away. I afterwards heard from the Duke of Sussex that a hackney-coach followed him (the Duke of York), with the Chancellor and two other lawyers in it." Lord Eldon, therefore, did not arrive until the very end of the little drama; and then, no doubt, took place the scene between him and the Princess, which Mr. Twiss makes him describe in a style more graphical than refined. Except to Lord Brougham—who doubtless believes that his predecessor had an innate propensity for unnecessary lying—it would have seemed strange that Lord Eldon or his biographer should go out of the way to invent a false account of an indifferent occurrence, in which, moreover, the Chancellor does not play a very dignified part. But we have other authority for saying that Lord Eldon's story is simply true.

The next point in Lord Brougham's narrative on which commentary becomes indispensable is not quite so much *de minimis* as those we have referred to. "Mr. Brougham," he says, "was sent for by the young Princess, as a person she had already often consulted." Mr. Brougham, as all the world knows, was the legal and partly the political adviser of her mother, the Princess of Wales. Miss Knight, as we have seen, tells quite a different story; namely, that it was the Princess of Wales herself who "had sent for Mr. Brougham," and that before her mother's arrival Princess Charlotte had sent for the Duke of Sussex.* Now we need not say that on the question who sent for him, mother or daughter, Lord Brougham's own direct statement ought to be a very different authority from Miss Knight's hearsay. But it is impossible not to remark how signally his lordship's memory has failed him as to other parts of this transaction. It is certainly strange—passing strange—that though poor Princess Charlotte could not well have had many "secrets" from the prying eyes at Warwick House, neither its inmates nor any one else except his lordship himself seem to have been the least aware that she

had consulted him often, or consulted him at all. On one occasion, in April, 1814, she wrote a letter to the Prince Regent, touching her proposed marriage, which made the Prince remark to Miss Knight that it was *supposed* Princess Charlotte must have legal advisers, as her letters were not those of a woman. "I said that he must recollect she had gone through a course of study on the laws of England, and by his own observation to me one evening at Carlton House was allowed to be mistress of the subject. He smiled, and said Her Royal Highness turned his arms against himself. (Vol. i. p. 286.) And we know that those who were far nearer to her heart than Miss Knight believed that she had no legal adviser at all." Thus much must be said—that if it is true that the young Princess, without the knowledge of her own closest intimates, was wont to consult her mother's professional counsellor and her father's ablest political enemy, it shows, better than any other evidence, the evil influence attained over her by that mother, shows an amount of duplicity on her own part for which we should not have been prepared, and justifies in substance, if not in point of taste and judgment, the measures which that father adopted or threatened towards her.

As to the not very important question whose influence it was which prevailed on the young Princess to return to her father, the actors in the scene seem all to disagree, partly from that natural tendency which every one has on such occasions to represent himself as the first performer. The Duke of Buckingham says ("Memoirs of the Court of England under the Regency") that it was the Princess of Wales who induced her daughter to go back, being for her own part merely anxious to encounter no obstacles to her project for leaving the country. "It is certain," says Miss Knight, pointedly, "that on the fatal morning it struck me that the Princess of Wales was more anxious for the removal of Princess Charlotte out of her house than the Prince was to get her into his." Lord Eldon evidently thought that he prevailed on the Princess to leave, through the awful threat that he and Lord Ellenborough would stay with her till she did. The Duke of Sussex told Sir Samuel Romilly that "he and Brougham persuaded her to go to Carlton House." "Diary of Sir Samuel

* Lord Brougham, as we have seen, says that he brought the Duke of Sussex.

Romilly," iii., 145.) Lord Brougham himself, as we see from his narrative, has no doubt that "alone he did it." Evidently all the parties pulled together with a hearty good-will, though from a singular variety of motives; and their united efforts overcame the resolution of an unhappy child, probably more frightened than obstinate.

We should be extremely reluctant, in conclusion, to disturb the picturesque effect of that well-told private scene at the window between the Princess and her adviser which ends Lord Brougham's narrative, and which has become, as it were, a part of received English history. Very few men would have had the presence of mind and readiness of wit to address so rhetorical an argument to an agitated young Princess at such a moment; but no one will deny that the hero of the tale might have been one of those few. Nevertheless, there are some details which our prosaic minds find a difficulty in understanding. "The Westminster election" gave occasion for the pointed warning; but there was no Westminster election that day; it took place on Saturday the 16th, and the preliminary Palace Yard meeting had been on Monday the 11th. "The day was beginning to break" is an essential feature in the composition—that is, it was past three o'clock. The Princess then consented; but before she would go, a carriage had to be sent for from Connaught Place to Carlton House, made ready there, and brought back to Connaught House again. At this rate, the Princess could scarcely have reached her father's before it was broad daylight and the streets filling—a singular circumstance, which no contemporary mentions. Now Miss Knight says "it was two in the morning before the Duke of York arrived to take her away," and implies that she did not stay long afterwards. Not a word about sending for a carriage; the Duke had evidently brought one. The *Morning Chronicle* says, "At a little past three Her Royal Highness was conveyed to Carlton House."*

After this, one may fairly ask with Sir Walter Raleigh, "what is history?" Had we an account of some event of antiquity of the same apparent authenticity with Lord

Brougham's narrative of that in which he took part at Connaught House, what Niebuhr would venture to question it? and yet, as soon as another eye-witness is evoked from the shades, and the newspapers of the day are consulted, they flatly and irreconcilably contradict him!

One question, however, of more than mere historical curiosity forces itself on the reader of this little domestic novellette. Why were all parties—the Duke of Sussex and Mr. Brougham, quite as much as the Duke of York and Lord Eldon—so vehemently anxious to get the Princess Charlotte, despite her tears and sufferings, to Carlton House immediately? The night was far spent, or rather it was already morning. After many hours of fatigue and agitation, what more natural than that she should repose a few hours longer under the roof of her own mother? Why could not this be effected without entrenching on her father's right to control her movements? There is no reason for supposing that the Regent would, on his own account, have objected to so trifling an indulgence. Such unnecessary cruelty would have been inconsistent with the rest of his conduct, which, as we have said, was in all this matter rather arbitrary and injudicious than barbarous. And if he had insisted on this point, what a fine opportunity for his opponents to "make capital" out of such a display of senseless tyranny! But, in truth, the reader will not have forgotten Miss Knight's shrewd hint, that the mother was far more anxious to get rid of the daughter than the father to get her back. And it is clear that he must have been prepared for the contingency of her remaining at Connaught House that night; for we have seen that Miss Knight was allowed to take thither "her maid and night things." Unfortunately the real reason for this precipitancy seems plain enough. Every man in that house well knew—every one, probably, except the young Princess herself and Miss Mercer knew—that Connaught House was not a residence in which the heiress of the crown could with propriety remain for a single night. She could not be exposed to encounter "the Sapios" and the rest of the goodly society whose doings are chronicled in Lady Charlotte Bury's pages; and her mother's character and temper afforded no guarantee that she should be spared a single item of

* The Edinburgh Reviewer says, "returned to Warwick House between four and five o'clock." We know that she never returned to Warwick House at all.

such disgrace. Such was doubtless the motive which acted, and very properly acted, on the Princess of Wales' own advisers; and yet those very advisers were ready to take the first occasion afterwards of reiterating their conviction of that lady's absolute innocence, and the causeless jealousy of her illustrious persecutor!

With the Warwick House escapade ends Miss Knight's appearance on the historical stage. She was dismissed, as we have seen, that evening. She "kicked and bounced a good deal," as Lord Eldon would have phrased it; "begged to know in what she had offended;" but the Regent answered, "he made no complaints, and should make none." She was excessively angry when the *Morning Post* informed mankind that, "by means of one of the most pious and virtuous characters of the land, it was soon discovered that many of the Princess' associates were persons possessing pernicious sentiments alike hostile to the daughter, the father, and the country," and wrote to the Bishop of Salisbury to know if *she* was one of the "obnoxious associates" in question. What answer the pious prelate made does not appear. She once more endeavored to mollify the Prince Regent, whom she assured "I have no acquaintance, nor have I had any communication, with persons of seditious principles, improper conduct, or sentiments hostile to your Royal Highness; 'but equally in vain. It is clear she was suspected of aiding and comforting the Whigs in their designs against the heiress presumptive. The exalted Toryism of this Autobiography reads like a posthumous protest against such injustice. She was never admitted within the precincts of the Regent's household again. But she was allowed the consolation of attending one drawing-room, in March, 1815. She had a pension of £300 a year "as a compensation for having left the Queen's service to attend on Princess Charlotte;" in strictness perhaps a sufficient acknowledgment, but not a very ample one, for the devotion of her later years to the service of the family. She was gratified when "a person who had the means of knowing many things relative to the Princess Charlotte told her the Regent and Queen had opened their eyes with respect to her, and were now persuaded that her conduct had been such as they could not think inju-

rious to themselves. It is probable," she adds, "that they knew who was the mischief-maker." (Vol. ii. p. 113.) After the final separation from the court her little chronicle loses, of course, its historical importance, if such a phrase can be used in reference to it. But for those readers who find some amusement in tracing the "romance of a dull life," there is something of interest in watching the way in which the poor lady clung for a long time to the associations of that circle from which she was now dissevered. She catalogues very fondly every letter she received from Princess Charlotte, and these were at first rather numerous and "affectionate;" entering into details respecting the little occupations and annoyances of her life. Their frequency soon diminishes; as in the ordinary case of friendship between a superior and an inferior. When their personal communication is interrupted, the former breaks gradually away, not through unkindness, but engrossed by new scenes and subjects, from that tie of intimacy which the latter still cherishes, and vainly endeavors to maintain. Marriage, and its new employments, obliterated the impressions left by the old humble companion. At last, on July 30, 1817, Miss Knight, on going abroad, "called to take leave of Princess Charlotte, but could not see her, as Prince Leopold was suffering from a pain in his face! She wrote me a very affectionate note afterwards to apologize." Such was the end of their intimacy, for in a few months more the young Princess had ceased to exist. "The entry in Miss Knight's diary, on this afflicting subject, is brief and inexpressive," says the editor.

"I received a visit from Miss Knight," says Lady Charlotte Bury, in 1820; "her presence recalled Kensington and the poor Princess to my mind. She conversed with sense and kindness on these topics, but her exceeding prudence always restrains the expression of her feelings, and she appeared averse to dwelling on the subject. . . . Miss Knight has a very refined mind, and takes delight in every subject connected with literature and the fine arts. She is exceedingly well read, and has an excellent judgment in these matters. I alluded once to the poor Princess Charlotte's death, but Miss Knight only replied, 'Ah! that was a melancholy event,' and passed on to other subjects. She did not impress me with the idea of lamenting the Princess so much as

I supposed she would have done. But perhaps she may in reality mourn her melancholy fate, and only forbears speaking of her lest she should say too much. Certainly Miss Knight was very ill-used by the Queen and the Regent, and I do not think Princess Charlotte liked, though she esteemed her. Miss Knight was not sufficiently gay, or of a style of character suited to Her Royal Highness."—*Diary*, vol. iv. p. 7.

Certainly the misgiving that her own life had, after all, been thrown away by mistake, seems to have visited the poor ex-companion in her disgrace:—

"I have lived," she says, near the close of her life, "to witness the termination of many things, and I humbly bend with resignation and gratitude to the Divine dispensations. With respect to myself all I can say is this, I cannot help regretting having left the Queen. My intentions were not bad, but in many respects I consulted my feelings more than my reason. My mind was then too active, perhaps now it is too indolent; but either I ought to have remained with the Queen, or I ought to have carried things with a higher hand to be really useful while I was with Princess Charlotte. I had no support from the good Duchess (of Leeds), nor, indeed, from any one. I had the romantic desire that Princess Charlotte should think for herself, and think wisely. Was that to be expected from a girl of seventeen, and from one who had never had proper care taken of her since early childhood? She might have been great indeed. She had a heart and mind capable of rendering her so. She had the most charitable disposition possible."—*Vol. ii.* p. 86.

She seems, indeed, to have been a promising creature, whose faults lay on the surface, while her better qualities formed the substratum of her character. If we could receive Lord Brougham's account of her, she must, as we have pointed out, have been vulgarly hoydenish, and at the same time capable of deep dissimulation; but we hope his lordship mistook her. Her attachment to a few cherished friends was warm indeed. She had much of the best part of her unhappy mother's character—her readiness to love those whom she had found serviceable and friendly, in whatever rank of life, and to take a sympathizing interest in their affairs. Her carefulness for her poor dying attendant, Mrs. Gagarin, and sorrow for her loss, are very pleasingly narrated by Miss Knight. Generous she was to a fault in her own little

sphere. Indeed, her father quarrelled with her extravagance in this respect, and, with his usual tact, complained that "young ladies of immense fortunes" would accept presents from his daughter! (*Vol. i.* p. 275.) "She liked giving presents to all her friends," says one who loved her. "She was extravagant, from not knowing the value of what she ordered." On this account, those who could take the liberty sometimes expostulated with her, and refused her gifts. Her favorite presents were her portraits, contained her hair, and had inscriptions in them. Whether we call her resolution in the matter of the Prince of Orange firmness or obstinacy, it was successful at all events, and it secured the happiness of her short life; and her demeanor in the quarrels between her parents, and especially on the Douglas occasion, evinced, as we have seen, an amount of delicacy and self-respect strangely contrasting with the lessons she could have received from either.

The remainder of Miss Knight's long life seems to have been spent chiefly in wanderings on the Continent, and she was a lively and indefatigable chronicler of events and personages met with in the course of her migrations. Her ancient Toryism was much roused by the events of 1830, and she collected very assiduously all the bits of gossip within her reach to the discredit of the Citizen-King. We do not remember to have met with the following before:—

"A stranger happening to be in Paris soon after the Revolution of July, 1830, was stopped by a young chimney-sweeper, who asked him if he had seen the King of the French. The other replied in the negative. 'Would you like to see him?' continued the chimney-sweeper; 'only give me a piece of five francs, and you shall see him.' The stranger agreed to do so, and they went away together to the Palais Royal. As soon they were in sight of the balcony the boy began to call out, 'Louis Philippe! Louis Philippe!' in which cry he was joined by the rabble near him. The King of the French came out to make his obeisance, and the gentleman gave a five-franc piece to the sweeper. 'Now,' said the boy, 'if you have a mind to hear him sing, only promise me five more, and you shall be satisfied.' The stranger assented, and His Majesty, at the command of the mob, joined in the Marseillaise Hymn, with all the appropriate grimaces."—*Vol. ii.* p. 196.

Her last sojourn was in Paris, where, in the words of her editor, she "closed her long and well-regulated life on the 17th of December, 1837, in the eighty-first year of her age."

Miss Knight's "Autobiography" is a work which must necessarily have a permanent though limited value, as an authentic record of certain very undignified passages in our history. The more reason, therefore, have we to complain of the very superficial way in which editorial duties have been discharged. Mr. Kaye is one of our first historical scholars, and a book really edited by him could not be otherwise than valuable; but he confesses that "his time was engrossed by other occupations," and acknowledges assistance. It is clear that the drudgery fell into hands either too ignorant or too lazy to perform it. The "Anecdotes recorded by Miss Knight mostly at the end of her journals," which occupy the last sixty pages, were little worthy of preservation, and are evidently inserted merely by way of "padding," as the modern phrase is. But not a single note from the editor helps us to ascertain the date, place, or circumstances of any of them. How far the endless misspellings of foreign names which disfigure the book are the printer's fault or Miss Knight's, we cannot say: in any case, no attempt has been made to correct them. Her frequent historical mistakes are left for the most part equally unnoticed, and others quite as careless are added in the notes, apparently from memory. It was hardly fair to leave such historical slipslop as Miss Knight's notions about the Pallavicini family (vol. ii. p. 185); or that Cardinal Bernis was Prime Minister of France; or that the same Cardinal was dismissed from his embassy to Rome in 1791,

"because he would not take the oath of allegiance to the Republic!" (i. 99); or to add such loose statements by way of note as that "the Duke of Wellington called the battle of Navarino an untoward accident" (ii. 270). The biographical notices in the notes of persons mentioned by Miss Knight are of the usual order of indolence; those comparatively unknown, of whom we should have been glad to learn something, are regularly passed over without remark; while we are treated to detailed memoirs of those with whom everybody is familiar. These, however, are not always very appropriate—as when the only mention made of the literary works of the gay Chevalier de Boufflers is that he "published a book called *Libre Arbitre*," and of those of the once famous M. de Fontanes, that he "translated into French Pope's Essay on Man." Miss Knight says of Dumouriez, "He had been both a lawyer and a soldier, and I used to fancy that I could trace in him the distinctive features of both professions." This, says the editor, "is an error. At the age of eighteen young Dumouriez distinguished himself at an affair of the advanced posts under Marshal d'Estrees, and in the following year he obtained a cornetcy of horse." True; but he does not add that Dumouriez was "reformed" immediately afterwards—that for twenty years he performed scarcely any military duty, but, though never a lawyer, was employed almost wholly as a civilian; which accounts for the *tam Marte quam Mercurio* air which the fair writer ascribes to him. These may seem trifles to remark on; but, in truth, they are not so to those who are really fond of biographical study, and know how much the good editing of a book of that description contributes to the pleasure of reading it.

WE hear that a company is being formed, one of the objects of which is to make arrangements for the reception of foreign excursionists to this country during the Exhibition time. Mr. Layard, and others equally well known, are, we believe, associated with this laudable project. The good order with which the British workmen who made an excursion to Paris last sum-

mer were received in the French capital, should stimulate Londoners to make suitable preparations for the reception of the bands of foreign workmen who are now saving weekly, in order to spare time and money for a visit to our Second World's Fair. The name of the society to which we refer, and which deserves every encouragement from the public, is The Great Exhibition Society.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING THE WORLD'S OPINION.

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON COWED PEOPLE.

It seems to me that there are few things in which it is more difficult to hold the just mean, than our feeling as to the opinion of those around us. For the most part, you will find human beings taking a quite extreme position as to what may be called the World's Opinion. They pay either too much regard to it, or too little. Either they are thoroughly cowed by it, or they stand towards it in an attitude of defiance. The cowed people, unquestionably, are in the majority. Most people live in a vague atmosphere of dread of the world, and of what the world is saying of them. You may discern the belief which prevails with the steady-going mass of humankind, in the typical though not historical fact which was taught most of us in childhood,—that DON'T CARE came to a bad end. The actual idea which is present to very many minds is difficult to define. Even to attempt to define it takes away that vagueness which is of the essence of its nature, and which is a great reason of the fear it excites. And the actual idea varies much in different minds, and in the same mind at different times. Sometimes, if put into shape, it would amount to this: that some great and uncounted number of human beings is watching the person, is thinking of him, is forming an estimate of him, and an opinion as to what he ought to do. Sometimes the world's opinion becomes a more tangible thing: it means the opinion of the little circle of the person's acquaintance; or the opinion of the family in which he or she lives; or the opinion of even some single individual of a somewhat strong, and probably somewhat coarse and meddlesome nature. In such a case the world becomes personified in the typical Mrs. Grundy; and the fear of the world's opinion is expressed in the question—What will Mrs. Grundy say?

Most people, then, live in a vague fear of that which may be styled Mrs. Grundy; and are cowed into abject submission not merely to her ascertained opinions, but also to what they fancy that possibly her opinions may be. Others, again—a smaller number, and a number lessening as the individuals who constitute it grow older—confront Mrs.

Grundy, and defy her. DON'T CARE was a leader of this little band. But even though DON'T CARE had not come to trouble, it is highly probable that as he advanced in years he would have found that he must care, and that he did care. For a good many years I have enjoyed the acquaintance and the conversation of a man who, even after he became Solicitor-General, held bravely yet temperately by the forlorn hope of which a large part has always consisted of the young and the wrongheaded; and from which, with advancing years and increasing experience, men are so apt to drop away. I know that it was not vaporing in him to say, "The hissing of collected Europe, provided I knew the hissers could not touch me, would be a grateful sound rather than the reverse—that is, if heard at a reasonable distance." * But though I believe the words were sincere when he said them, yet I am convinced it was only by a stiffening of the moral nature, implying effort too great to last, that he was able to keep the feeling which these words express. I see in these words the expression of a desperate reaction against a strong natural bias; and I believe that time would gradually crumble that resolute purpose down. By a determined effort you may hold out a heavy weight at arm's length for a few minutes; you may defy and vanquish the law of gravitation for that short space; but the law of gravitation, quietly and unvaryingly acting, will beat you at last. And even if Ellesmere could peacefully go about his duty, and tranquilly enjoy his home, with that universal hiss in his ears, I know of those into whose hearts that hiss would sink down,—whose hearts that hiss would break. How about his wife and children? And how would the strong man himself feel, when day by day he saw by the pale cheek, the lined brow, the anxious eye, the unnatural submissiveness, that *they* were living in a moral atmosphere that was poisoning them? Think of the little children coming in and saying that the other children would not play with them or speak to them. Think of the poor wife going to some meeting of charitable ladies, and left in a corner without one to notice her or take pity on her. Ah, my friend Ellesmere, once you have given hostages to fortune, we know where the world can make you feel!

* Ellesmere, in *Companions of my Solitude*.

Let us give a little time to clearing up our minds on this great practical question, as to the influence which of right belongs to the world's opinion; as to the deference which a wise man will accord to it. Let us try to define that great shadowy phantom which holds numbers through all their life in a slavery which extends to all they say and do; to the food they eat, and the raiment they put on, and the home they dwell in; and in many cases even to what they think, and to what they will admit to themselves that they think. The tyranny of the world's opinion is a tyranny infinitely more subtle and farther-reaching than that of the Inquisition in its worst days; one which passes its sentences, though no one knows who are the judges that pronounce them; and one which inflicts its punishments by the hands of numbers who utterly disapprove them. And yet, one has not the comfort of feeling able to condemn this strange tribunal out and out; you are obliged to confess that in the main its judgments are just, and its supervision is a wholesome one. Now and then it does things that are flagrantly unjust and absurd; but if I could venture, with my experience of life, to lay down any general principle, it would be the principle, abhorrent to warm young hearts and to hasty young heads, that in the main the world's opinion is right in those matters to which the world's opinion has a right to extend. I dare say you will think that this is a general principle promulgated with considerable reservation. So it is; and I hardly know to which thing, the principle or the reservation, it seems to me that the greater consideration is due.

It is wrong, doubtless, to be always thinking what people will say. It is a low and wretched state of mind to come to. There is no more contemptible or miserable mortal than one of whom *this* can be said:—

"While you, you think
What others think, or what you think they'll
say;
Shaping your course by something scarce more
tangible
Than dreams, at best the shadows on the stream
Of aspen trees by flickering breezes swayed—
Load me with irons, drive me from morn till
night,
I am not the utter slave which that man is
Whose sole thought, word, and deed are built
on what
The world may say of him!"

The condition of mind described in these indignant lines is doubtless wrong and wretched. But still one feels that these lines must be understood with much qualification and restriction. Neither in moral principle, nor in common sense or taste, can one go with those who run to the other extreme. It is as well for most people to be cowed by a rule which in the main will keep them right, as to be suffered to run wild with no rule at all. The road to insanity is even more short and direct to the man who resolves that he shall do nothing like anybody else, than to the poor subdued creature in whom the fear of the world's judgment has run to that morbid excess that she fancies that as she goes along the street every one is pointing at her. There was nothing fine in Shelley's wearing a round blue jacket after he was a married man, just because men in general do not wear boys' jackets. And his writing *Atheist* after his name in the tourists' book, to shock people, does not strike me for its profanity half so much as for its idiotic silliness and its contemptible littleness. I do not admire the woman who walks about, a limp and conspicuous figure, in the days when crinoline is universally accepted. The extreme of crinoline is silly; the utter absence of it is silly; the wise and safe course is the middle one. I do not think it wise or admirable for a lady to walk a quarter of a mile bareheaded along a crowded street to a friend's house, even though thus she may save the trouble of going up-stairs for her bonnet. I do not approve the young fellow who tells you, when you speak to him about some petty flying in the face of the conventional notion of propriety, that he will do exactly what he likes, and that he does not care a straw what any one may think or say. That young fellow is in a very unsafe, and a very unstable position. It is not likely that he will long remain at his present moral stand-point. It is extremely probable that after a few signal instances of mischief brought upon himself by that defiant spirit, he will be cowed into abject submission to what people may think, and become afraid almost to move or breathe for fear of what may be said by folk whose opinion he secretly despises. He will gain a reputation for want of common sense, which it will be very difficult to get rid of. And even the humblest return to his alle-

giance to Mrs. Grundy may fail to conciliate that individual's favor, lost by many former insults.

There are some persons who are bound, not merely in prudence, but in principle, to consider the world's opinion a good deal. They are bound, not merely to avoid evil, but to avoid even the appearance of evil. And this because their usefulness in this world may be very prejudicially affected by the unfavorable opinion of those around them. It is especially so with the clergy. A clergyman's usefulness depends very much on the estimation in which he is held by his parishioners. It is desirable that his parishioners should like him: it is quite essential that they should respect him. It is not wise in the parson to shock the prejudices of those around him. It will be his duty sometimes to yield to opinions which he thinks groundless. However fond a clergyman of the Anglican Church may be of a choral service, it will be extremely foolish and wrongheaded in him to endeavor to thrust such a service upon a congregation of people who in their ignorance think it popish. And it will not be prudent in a clergyman of the Scotch Church, placed in a remote country parish where the population retains a good deal of the old covenanting leaven, to fill his church windows with stained glass, or even to put a cross above the eastern gable. And such a man will also discern that it is his duty to practise a certain economy and reticence in the explaining of his views as to instrumental music in church, and liturgical services. If it be the fact that many rustics in the parish regard these things as marks of the Beast, he need not obtrude the fact that he holds a different opinion. For he would then, in some quarters, bring all his teaching into suspicion. Let Mr. Snarling take notice, that I am counselling no reserve in the grave matters of doctrine: no reserve, that is, in the sense of making your people fancy that you believe what you do not believe, or that you do not believe what you do. The only economy in doctrine which I should approve would be that of bringing out and applying the truth which seems most needful at the time, and best fitted for its exigencies. But as to other things, both in statement and in conduct, I hold by a high authority which states that many things may be lawful for the parson which are not

expedient. And I believe that in little things the world's judgment is right in the main. There is a gravitation of society towards common sense: at least to approving it, if not to acting upon it. I am not going to defend hats and the like; or to stand up for our angular Western dress against the flowing garments of the East, though I believe our dress is more convenient if it be less graceful. And I do not believe there is any perverse bent of society to what is ugly and inconvenient, at least in male attire: if any hatter or tailor produced a better covering, which would be as cheap, it would doubtless find acceptance. But I hold that it is not wise for any ordinary man to take issue with his race on any point of dress. He will not be the wisest of judges who shall first lay aside the venerable wig of gray horsehair. It is not expedient that a young clergyman should fly in the face of his parishioners on such a question as the wearing of a shooting-coat or a black neck-tie, or as going out with the hounds. It was not wise in John Foster, the great Baptist preacher, to horrify his simple flock by appearing in his pulpit in a gray coat and a red waistcoat. No doubt, in logic, his position was unassailable. For people who reject all clerical robes as popish, it is manifestly absurd to make a stand for a black coat and a white neckcloth. By making a stand for these, you cut the ground from under your feet: you admit the principle which justifies satin and lawn. Let me say, a sound and reasonable principle too. It is not fitting that in every-day attire a man should conduct the worship of God's house. But even with folk who thought differently, John Foster acted unwisely. As lawyers would say, it was a bad issue to take. I know how a certain eminent essayist, whom I much revere, stands up for eccentricity. He holds it to be a useful protest against our tendency to a dead conformity. I venture to say that, generally, it is not wise to be eccentric. You find that eccentric people are usually eccentric in little things, not worth fighting about. We all know that there are great and important things in which the world thinks wrongly: take issue *there* with the world, if you like: but it is not worth while to do so in small matters of dress and behavior. It is not worth while to take a beard into the pulpit where it will interfere with the congregation's attention to

the sermon ; nor to appear in the same place in lavender gloves in a country where lavender gloves, in such a locality, are unknown. It is wise to give in to the little requirements on which the world's opinion has been plainly expressed. If you are resolved to take a part of opposition to all the world, do so in the behalf of things which are worth the trouble of the strife. Let it not be engraven on your tombstone, Here lies the man who confronted the human race on the question of the wide-awake hat. Stand up for truth and right, if you are fond of fighting : you will have many opportunities in this life. Smite the flunkey, pierce the humbug, violently kick the aristocratic liar and seducer, and probably you will find abundant occupation. But though you know it is a pleasant and enjoyable thing for yourself and your children to sit on the steps of your country-house in the sunshine after breakfast, you will not gain the approval of wise men by doing the like on the steps of your town-house in a much-frequented street : say, for example, in Princes Street in Edinburgh. And though you often roll on the grass with your little boy in the country, do not attempt the like on the pavement of such a public way. For in that case it is conceivable that you may be jeered at by the passers-by, and apprehended by the police. And while you are being conveyed to the station-house, instead of being esteemed as a philosopher and revered as a martyr, it is not impossible that you may be laughed at as a fool. " We sat on the bridge, and swung our legs over the water : " with these words an eloquent writer lately began an essay. Of course, the bridge was in a quiet rural spot. If the writer and his friend had done the like on London Bridge, the small boys would have hallooed at them, and the constable would have moved them on. Yet the merits of the deed are the same in either case. Only in the one case the world says You may ; in the other case it says You must not. And the human being who resists the world's judgment in these little matters, shows, not strength, but weakness. Where principle is involved, it is noble to swing your legs, but not otherwise. But doubtless you have remarked that it is a common thing to find great obstinacy in petty concerns in a man who has no real firmness. You will find people who are squeezable and facile in the great affairs

of life, and in their larger opinions have not a mind of their own, but adopt the opinion of the last person they heard express one ; yet who persistently stick to some little absurd or bad habit which they have often been entreated to leave off, which annoys their friends, and makes them ridiculous. You will find a man whom you might turn round with a straw in his belief on any question political, moral, or literary, but who, having taken up the ground that once one is three, would go to the stake rather than give in to the world's way of thinking on that point.

I beg the reader to observe, I do not counsel a general conformity to the appointments of his particular world, merely on the ground that non-conformity may cause him to be derided, or disliked, or suspected. I wish him to think of the injury which his non-conformity may occasion to others. If your shooting-coat, my clerical brother, however light and easy to walk in on a hot summer day, is to stand between a poor dying girl and the comfort and profit she might get from your counsels and prayers, why, I think, if you are the man I mean, that you will determine never to go beyond your own gate but in the discomfort (often very great in country parishes) of severely clerical attire. Possibly few of my readers know that in various rural districts of Scotland a sermon, however admirable, will do no good if the preacher reads it ; he must either give it extempore, or appear to do so by having previously written it and committed it to memory. " I canna thole the paper," I have heard an intelligent farmer say. He meant, he could not bear the sight of the manuscript discourse. It is fair to add that this prejudice is fast dying out, even in rural parishes : while in large towns in Scotland, it has entirely disappeared. But however unreasonable and stupid may have been the prejudice which condemned over-wrought ministers to several hours weekly of the irksome schoolboy labor of getting their sermons by heart, and however painful the anxiety which a man with an uncertain memory must often have felt on a Sunday morning, in the fear that he might forget what he had painfully prepared, and be reduced to a state of utter blankness, and ignominiously stick in his sermon ; still, you will think that a conscientious man, earnest to do good, would

make this painful sacrifice, not to his popularity, but to his usefulness. Let me confess, for myself, that I cannot imagine how the elder clergy of the Scotch Church were able to accomplish this awful toil. The father of the present writer, for thirty years, wrote and committed to memory two sermons of forty minutes each, every week; and hundreds of his brethren did the same. I could not do it to save my life. Surely, the intellectual fibre of the new generation is less muscular than that of their fathers. I have made mention of a judicious economy in giving instruction. You may discern the result of the want of it in what we are told about a poor dying laborer, in one of the midland counties of England. It is quite unquestionable that the world goes round with the sun; but it is not in the weakness of the parting hours of life that a poor uneducated man should be called to reconstruct the theory of the universe under which he had lived all his days. And though it was certainly needful to explain to the dying man the meaning of Christian faith, it might have been done without going into anything like metaphysics; and in a way in which a child of six years old might understand it, possibly as well as the parson himself. But a young parson could not see this. He would correct all the intellectual errors of his humble parishioner. He would pour upon him a flood of knowledge. Possibly you may smile at the odd expressions; but I remember few sentences which have so touched me with their hopeless pathos, as that with which the dying man feebly turned to the wall, and spoke no more. "Wut wi' faeth," he said, "and wut wi' the earth goin' round the sun, and wut wi' the railways all a-whuzzin' and a-buzzin', I'm clean muddled, confoozled, and bet!" Well, let us hope that light came at the evening-time upon that blind, benighted way.

It should be borne in mind, that as to any particular subject, there is sometimes great difficulty in ascertaining what the world (by which I mean our own particular world) is actually saying. It seems to me especially difficult to know, in a small community, what is the general opinion upon almost any matter. For you may fall in with people holding quite exceptional opinions. And exceptional opinions are often very strongly

held; and held by very clever men. I remember hearing a really able man (one whom the great world has recognized as such) declare that in his judgment a certain clergyman, not remarkable for talent, earnestness, oddity, or anything but self-conceit, was the greatest preacher he had ever listened to; incomparably greater than A, B, C, or D, each of whom is well known to fame. The man who expressed this opinion was one you would have been obliged to admit as most competent to form an opinion; yet somehow, for some inexplicable reason, some sympathy or antipathy beyond the reach of reasoning, he had come firmly to hold an opinion which was entirely exceptional, which was shared by no other human being. And thus the world may be saying one thing at one tea-table, and just the opposite at another tea-table, in some little country town. At one tea-table, the sermon of last Sunday may be very good; at the other, it may be very bad. The like difference of opinion may exist as to the efficiency of the member of Parliament. At one table, he may be a worthy, hard-working man; at the other, a poor silly creature. So with the singing of Miss X. If you are enjoying the cup that does not particularly cheer with Mrs. Smith and her set of friends, you may be informed, as a stranger to the town, that a great treat awaits you in listening to Miss X.'s songs. Her voice is splendid, and admirably cultivated; her taste exquisite. She is generally regarded as singing better than Jenny Lind. You naturally go away with the belief that in the opinion of the world at Drumsleekie, Miss X. is a very great singer. But all this is due to the accident of your taking tea with Mrs. Smith. Had it been Mrs. Jones, you would have been told that Miss X. overstrained her voice; that she sang untruly; that she sang flat; that she sang harshly; that her affectation in singing was such that it was hard to refrain from throwing something at her head; and finally, that she could not sing at all. All this is perplexing. It would be a comfort to get over the preliminary difficulty, and to find out what it is that the world actually does say. Its voice, however, conveys an uncertain sound. And it would cost more time and trouble than the result would be worth, to add up the tea-tables on one side, and the tea-tables on the other side,

and then discover on which side is the preponderant weight. And in case it should be found that the tea-tables on either side exactly balanced each other, the difficulty would arise, that it would appear that in Drumsleekie, on the subject of Miss X.'s singing, the world had no opinion at all. The favorable and unfavorable would just neutralize one another. And as with the singing of Miss X., so will you find it with the beauty of Miss Y., and the manners of Miss Z. Likewise with the horses of Mr. Q., and the poems of Mr. R. In short, to sum the matter up, it depends entirely on the set into which you get in a small community, what impression you are to carry away as to the general opinion upon any question. For though one slice taken from a leg of mutton will give you a fair idea of the general flavor of all the joint; yet you may (so to speak) cut a slice out of the talk of the town which shall be entirely different from all the rest. You may have chanced on the faction which cries up the new town-hall, or on the faction which cries it down. You may have chanced on the party which thinks the parson the greatest of men, or on the party which esteems him as one of the least.

Then it is certain that Mrs. Grundy may be made to appear to say almost anything, by the skilful management and the energy of two or three pushing individuals. It is possible for a very small number of persons to *get up a sough* (to use the Scotch phrase) either for or against a man. A few clacking busy-bodies, running about from house to house, may disseminate a vague unfavorable impression. A few hearty, active, energetic friends may cause the world's opinion, in a little place, to seem to be setting very strongly in a man's favor. You have probably heard the legend, which very likely is fabulous, of the fashion in which the blacking of a certain eminent man rose into universal fame. The eminent man hired four footmen, of loud and fluent power of expression, and of brazen countenance. He arrayed them in gorgeous liveries; the livery of each being quite different from that of the other three. Then, each alone, from morning to evening they pervaded London; and this was what they did. When each footman saw a shop in which blacking appeared likely to be sold, he rushed into it with great appearance of excitement, and exclaimed

in a hurried manner, "Give me some of Snooks' blacking instantly." Snooks, it should be mentioned, was the name of his eminent employer. "Snooks' blacking," said the man in the shop; "we never heard of it!" "Not heard of Snooks' blacking!" exclaimed the footman; "why, my master wont let me brush his boots with any other; and just now he is roaring at me for brushing his boots this morning with that of Stiggins; I must be off elsewhere and get Snooks' blacking forthwith." This interview naturally startled the man in the shop; he began to think, "I must get some of Snooks' blacking; everybody must be using Snooks' blacking!" And when, in the course of the day, the other three footmen severally visited his shop as the first had done; one exclaiming, "the Chancellor wont use anything but Snooks' blacking;" another "His Grace wont use anything but Snooks' blacking;" the last (in crimson livery), "His Majesty wont use anything but Snooks' blacking;" the man in the shop took his resolution. He found out the factory of Snooks, and ordered a large quantity of his blacking.

That which has pushed blacking into fame, has done the like for other things. Two or three individuals, vigorously puffing a book, may cause it to seem that the world's judgment in the locality where they live is in that book's favor. And most people will bow to that judgment. Not very many people have so much firmness, or confidence in themselves, as to hold their own opinion in the presence of the strongly expressed opinion of the world on the other side. And a loud and confident declaration that something is very bad, will silence and put down many people who in their secret soul think it very good.

The *sough*, or general opinion and belief in a country district, may occasionally be got up by persons who are little better than idiots. Let me relate a story which I heard, long ago. A very distinguished preacher once went to preach in the parish church of a certain big and ugly village in Scotland. The village lies among the hills, in a pastoral district. It had no railway communication; no near neighbors; no large town within many miles. The people, many of them, were very ignorant, very pragmatistical and self-conceited. The big and ugly vil-

lage thought it was the centre of the world; possibly, that it was the whole world. Its population formed an unfavorable estimate of the preaching of the great orator. It was generally said in the village that "his sermons were no' very weel connectit." It happens that the discourses of that clergyman are remarkable for their logical linkedness of thought; for the symmetry and beauty of their skeleton, no less than for the brilliance and range of their illustrations. But some blockhead said (not having anything particular to say) that they were "no' very weel connectit." Other blockheads grasped at this. It was something to say; and to say it seemed to imply the possession of some critical acumen. So the voice of Mrs. Grundy, in that village, re-echoed that statement on every side. The statement was, indeed, absurd. You might as well have said that the sermons were distinguished by their ignorant impatience of the relaxation of taxation, or by their want of mezzotinto. But people seized it, and repeated it. I remember going as a boy to that locality; and hearing several persons, all densely stupid, and most of them very conceited, speak of the great preacher. They all criticised him in the self-same terms; "His sermons were no' very weel connectit!" But there is no opinion expressed with so great confidence as the opinion of the man who is incapable of forming any opinion. I remember an old gentleman telling me how he went to hear Dr. Chalmers. "I could not understand the man," said he; "I could not see what he was driving at." I am entirely satisfied that the old gentleman told the truth. Like the Squire in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Dr. Chalmers could supply argument, but he could not supply intellect to comprehend it.

An unfavorable *sough* may be got up in a rural district, by a man who combines caution with malignity; and all in such a way that you cannot lay hold of the malicious but cautious man. Let us suppose a new doctor is coming to the village. You, the old doctor, may go about the village and beg the people to try and receive him civilly; he may not be such a bad man after all. The truth probably is, that nobody supposes him a bad man, or intends to receive him otherwise than civilly; but a few days judiciously spent may excite a prejudice which it will take some time to allay. Some one

speaks to you in praise of an acquaintance. You may reply, in a hesitating way, "Yes; he is rather a nice fellow; but—well, I don't want to say anything bad of any one." In this way you have not committed yourself; but you have conveyed a worse impression than you could probably have conveyed by any definite charge you could have made against the man. Honest and manly folk, indeed, may possibly call you a sneak. What do you care? Some muscular Christian may kick you. In that case you will have the comfort of knowing that it unquestionably serves you right.

There is something worrying and vexatious, in thinking that the *sough of the country side* which in Scotland signifies the general opinion of the neighborhood, is running against yourself and your possessions; even though you heartily despise the individuals whose separate judgments go to make up that *sough*. For you gradually come to attach considerable importance to the opinion of the people among whom you live, even though that opinion be in itself worth nothing. There is compensation, however, in the fact, that if the unfavorable opinions of stupid and incompetent people are able to depress a man, the favorable opinions of stupid and incompetent people are able to elate and encourage even a very clever and wise man. Many such men are kept up to the mark at which they do good and even great things, by rumors of the high estimation in which they are held by Mrs. Grundy. There is probably as much happiness communicated to a human being by the favorable estimate of those around him—though they are people of no great standing, and not very wise—as if they were the wisest and noblest of the land. For, by degrees, even the wise man begins to fancy that these people who think so highly of him are quite ordinary folk; they are more capable judges of human excellence than people in their station in life usually are. I can quite understand that the author who finds his book praised in the *Little Peddlington Gazette*, or the *Whistlebinkie Banner of Freedom* will conclude that these are important newspapers, conducted with intelligence much surpassing that of country papers in general. He will be quite cheerful for a whole forenoon after reading in either of

those journals, that he is one of the most original thinkers of the age. So a clergyman, who is popular in his own parish, will quite honestly come to think that its population is remarkable for its intelligence and its power of appreciating a good sermon. Of course, as has been said, the converse case holds good. The ill opinion of those around you, if quite universal, is depressing, however much you may despise that opinion. Not only is that unfavorable estimate always around you, like an unhealthy atmosphere, but you gradually come to think that the people who hold it are rather wise and important people. A parson, going from a large and intelligent parish to one where the people are few and uncultivated, knows at first very nearly what is the mark of his present position and his present congregation. He knows that, seriously, the opinion which his parishioners form of him is neither here nor there. But he learns very soon that comfort and discomfort may be caused by judgments which are absolutely valueless. You may remember what Philip Van Artevelde says of that which may be regarded as the most favorable of all individual estimates of man:—

“How little flattering is a woman’s love!
Worth to the heart, come how it may, a world;
Worth to men’s measures of their own deserts,
If weighed in wisdom’s balance, merely nothing!”

And gradually you go farther than Van Artevelde. Probably even that philosophic man, as he found day by day new indications of the warm affection and the hearty admiration of the woman he had in his mind when he said such words, began to think that, after all, there must be something unusual about him to elicit all that devotion; began to think that her opinion was sound and just; and that she must be a person of no ordinary sagacity who arrived at a judgment so true. You will do all that. You will not only be pleased by the favorable estimate of incompetent judges: you will come to think that they are very competent judges. A clergyman who at one time used to preach to a great crowd of cultivated folk in London, told me that after he had been a few months in a little country parish, he felt quite pleased when he found the mill girls of a manufacturing town four miles off, walking over on Sundays to hear him preach; and

also that he began to think these mill girls very intelligent people, whose appreciation was worth having. Your “nature is subdued to what it works in.” You stand in considerable awe of things amid which you always live. And the truth is, that almost everything, when you come to know it well, is bigger than the stranger fancies it. It is because things, when you come to know them, are really so good, that the *lues Boswelliana* prevails to such a degree in biographers; that each parson thinks his own church in some one respect superior to the general run; and that the rustics of each parish think their own the finest in the country. The things are really very good; and it is difficult to estimate how good, relatively to others. When a wise man finds himself second, or ninth, or nineteenth, in competition with others, whether the competition be in the size of his turnips, the speed of his horses, the beauty of his pictures, the bitterness of his reviews, the amiability of his children, or the badness of his headaches (all matters of which people are given to boast), the wise man will not necessarily conclude that he himself or his belongings are less good or great than he had previously supposed. The right conclusion is this: that other men and their belongings are better or bigger than he had fancied them. And though the favorable appreciation of judges, barristers, cabinet ministers, and the like, is undoubtedly worth more than that of factory girls, still the favorable appreciation of the factory girls may be regarded as worth a good deal, by one who lives exclusively among factory girls.

Besides this, there is a farther consideration that comes in to give weight to the unfavorable judgment of Mrs. Grundy. A wise man, knowing how human vanity leads people to over-estimate their own merits, would, if he found that everybody thought he was a fool, begin to fear that he was one; and also to fear that the fact that he could not see he was a fool showed the hopelessness of his condition; as we know that a maniac occasionally believes that he is the only sane person in the world. I believe that there is nothing that can hold a man up against the depressing effect of being held in little esteem by those around him, as his family, or his neighbors; but the fact of his being held in good estimation by some per-

son or persons elsewhere, whom he can regard as wiser and worthier judges of him than those around him are. I have known a great preacher, whose church was nearly empty on Sundays. It was in a remote rural district. But whenever he went to preach in any large town, the church in which he preached was crowded to excess. So he could set the opinion of the remote Mrs. Grundy against that of the near Mrs. Grundy, and, though surrounded by the unfavorable estimation of the near Mrs. Grundy, he could retain composure and confidence in himself, by backing up his estimate of himself with that of the distant world. And there are people with no distant friends to lean on, who yet, in a remote situation, find the support and sympathy they want, in the better part of our periodical literature. The *Times*, coming daily to an educated man in a very rustic place, is a great blessing. So is the *Saturday Review* to the country parson. So are the Quarterly Reviews generally. He will find much in them with which he cannot agree; a good deal which is extremely distasteful to him. But in reading them, he breathes a different atmosphere from that in which he is placed by many of his daily concerns and acquaintances. He finds in them something to prevent him from being cowed into conformity. He finds the thoughts of cultivated men, holding the same canons of taste with himself; and, in the main, holding nearly the same great points of belief on more important things. I felt it as a comfort, after lately hearing a man say that a certain noble cathedral was "a great ugly jail of a place," to read a brilliant article in praise of Gothic architecture. And when you are building a pretty Elizabethan house, with all its graceful characteristics, you do not mind a bit that Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Snarling, and Miss Limejuice go about saying that it is gimerack, barbarous, popish, inconvenient, dark, and fit only for monks and nuns, when you are able to turn to many pages on which competent men have set out the beauties and comforts of that delightful style, and shown up the nonsense of the stupid and tasteless folk who abuse it. But if you stood alone in the world in your love for the well-shown gable and the pointed arch, it may be feared that, unless you had the determination of the martyr, you would be badgered into keeping

your opinions to yourself, and into conforming your practice to that of other people. There are few more delightful things to any one who has long lived among those with whom he feels no sympathy, than to find himself among people who think and feel as he does. And there is more then pleasure in the case; there is something in this that will strengthen and vivify his tastes and beliefs into redoubled energy.

You will not unfrequently find people who loudly profess their contempt for the world's opinion, who are really living in abject terror of it. A coward, you know, often assumes a bullying manner. And there is no weaker or sillier way of considering Mrs. Grundy, than to be ever on the watch for opportunities of shocking her. It is for the most part nervous people, very much afraid of her, who do this. We all know persons who take great delight in trying to astonish mankind by the awful opinions they express, and by conduct flatly opposed to the rules of civilized society. You will find parsons who in their sermons like to frighten people, by sailing as near unsound doctrine as possible; or by a manner very devoid of that gravity which becomes the time and place. So with young ladies who smoke cigars, or talk in a fast manner to gentlemen on subjects and about people of which they ought to know nothing. So with the greater part of all eccentricity. One can bear eccentricity, however great, when it is genuine. One can bear the man, however oddly he may act, who acts in Mrs. Grundy's presence as though he saw her not; and who *bonâ fide* does not see her. But it is a very wretched and contemptible thing, to witness a man doing very bold things, going through all kinds of eccentric gyrations, with a side glance all the while at Mrs. Grundy, and with an ear upon the stretch to remark what she is going to say. There are men who are right in carefully observing the world's opinion of them and their doings; whose duty it is to observe these things carefully. There are men who know for certain that the world has an opinion of them; an opinion varying from day to day; and an opinion upon whose variations very tangible results depend. Such a man is the Prime Minister in this country. His possession of actual power and of profitable place depends just upon the world's opinion of him: an opinion

which ebbs and flows from week to week; which is indicated unmistakably by his parliamentary majority as it rises and sinks; and which is affected by a host of circumstances quite away from the Premier's merits. If the Premier is desirous to retain his place, I should fancy that, till he gets indurated to it, it must be a most disagreeable one. From what a variety of quarters the voice of Mrs. Grundy must be borne to his ears; and how difficult it must be to know precisely what importance to attach to this or that specific bellow! Judging from the easy way in which the present head of the Government bears his functions, one would suppose that to be Prime Minister must be like being stoker of an American high-pressure steamer. At first, you will be in momentarily expectation of being blown up; but by and by you will come to take it quite coolly; indeed, with a hardihood rather appalling to most people to see. There is no one who has it in his power to know so certainly and immediately what his own world thinks of him, as a great actor. It is an index of his popularity, as certain as the mercury in the thermometer is of the temperature, how the theatre fills at which he performs. And to him, popularity is more than empty praise. It is substantial pudding. The bread and butter of his wife and children depend upon it. There are cases in which it is a miserable spectacle to see a man eagerly anxious about the world's opinion. There is no more contemptible and degrading sight, than a clergyman who sets his heart upon popularity as a preacher; who is always fishing for compliments, and using clap-trap arts to draw a crowd and amaze people. You come to hear of preachers who, it is plain, are prepared to go any length; men who would preach standing on their head rather than fail of creating a sensation. I thank God I never listened to such; but I have read in print addresses described as having been given in buildings professedly used for the worship of the Almighty, which addresses, in their title, subject, and entire tone, were perfectly analogous to the advertisements and exhibitions of Barnum. Their vulgar buffoonery and disgusting profanity were intended as a bait to the lowest and worst classes in the community. You may have known persons in various walks of life, who were in the possession of the world's good opinion, but who could not be said to

be in the enjoyment of it. It did not make them happy to have it, but it would have made them miserable to lose it. To go down a peg or two in the scale of fame would have been unendurable. And you would find them occasionally putting out feelers, to try whether the popular gale was slackening. Should it show signs of slackening, you have various acquaintances who will be careful to inform you. I knew a young divine who preached for almost the first time at a certain country church. A few days after a man from the parish, a vulgar person, and almost a stranger, came and assured him that his sermon did not by any means *guy sahtisfawkshun*. I have known a person, a stupid and ignorant blockhead, who devoted himself to going about and retailing to every one he knew, any wretched little piece of tattle which might be disagreeable to hear. I don't believe the man was malignant. I suppose he yielded to an impulse analogous to that which makes a hen cackle when it has laid an egg. Unhappily some men are so weak that though they find it unpleasant to be informed that the world is pronouncing opinion against them, they yet find a certain fascination impelling them to learn all particulars as to this unfriendly opinion. And so the ignorant blockhead found many attentive auditors. Doubtless this gratified him. My readers, cut such a man short at once. Snub him. Shut him up. As you would close the window through which a bitter north-east wind is blowing into your chamber on a winter day, so shut up this wretched gutter that conveys to you the dregs of Mrs. Grundy!

As you go on through life, my friend, you will discover a good many *Cowed People*. These people have been fairly beaten by their fear of what the world will say. They are always in a vague alarm. They are afraid of doing or saying the most innocent thing, lest in some way, they cannot say how, it may turn to their prejudice. They are in mortal dread of committing themselves. They live in some general confused apprehension of what may come next. They are always thinking that Mr. A. bowed rather stiffly to them, and wonder what it can mean; that Mrs. B. looked the other way as they passed, and no doubt intends to finally cut their acquaintance; and the like. All this

shades off into developments which pass the limit of sanity; as believing that the entire population of the place have combined against them, and that the human race at large is resolved to thwart their plans and crush their hopes. I do not mention these things to be laughed at. The sincerest sympathy is due to such as suffer in this way. No doubt all this founds upon a nervous, anxious nature; but it has been greatly fostered by lending a ready ear to such stupid, if not malicious, tattlers as have just been mentioned. There is, indeed, much of natural temperament here; much of physical constitution. There are boys who go to school each morning, trembling with vague apprehension, they cannot say of what. Possibly there is some idea that all their companions may league against them. There is not much of the magnanimous about boys; and such a poor little fellow probably leads a sad enough school life. And years afterwards, when he is a man in business, you may find him going away from his cottage on the outskirts into town each morning, to get his letters and attend to the day's transactions, as Daniel might have gone into the den. To many human beings the world is as a great, fierce machine, whirring and grinding inexorably on; and their great desire is to keep away from it. And possibly the man who is most thoroughly cowed by the world is not the man who lives in an even and equable awe of it; but rather he who now and then rebels, makes a frantic, foolish fight for freedom, gets terribly mauled in a quarrel with the world on some stupid issue, and then gives up, and sinks down beaten into a state of utter prostration. Probably such a man, for awhile after each desperate rally, is the most cowed of cowed men.

There are human beings of this temperament who seem to feel as though any street in which an acquaintance lives were barricaded against their passage. They will tell you they don't like to pass Mr. Smith's house, lest he should see them. You listen with wonder, and possibly you reply, "Suppose he does, what then?" Of course they cannot answer your question; they cannot fix on any specific evil result which would follow if Mr. Smith did happen to see them; they have simply a vague fear of the consequences of that event. You will find such people, if they are walking along the street, and see

any one they know coming in their direction, instantly get out of the way by turning down some side lane. I believe that in the hunting-field the cry of *Ware wheat* warns the horseman to keep off the ground sown with that precious grain, lest the crop suffer damage. I think I have seen human beings, the voice of whose whole nature, as they advanced through creation, appeared to be *Ware Friends!* Their wish was just to keep out of anybody's way. It was vain to ask what harm would follow even if they met Mr. Green or the Miss Browns. They did not know exactly why they were afraid: they were vaguely cowed. Is it because the present writer feels within himself something which might ultimately land him in that wretched condition of moral prostration, that he is anxious to describe it accurately and protest against it bitterly? You find people so thoroughly cowed, that they appear to be always apologizing for venturing to be in this world. They seem virtually to say to every one they meet, but especially to all baronets, lords, and the like, "I beg your pardon for being here." You will find them saying this even to wealthy mercantile men. Not only is this a painful and degrading point to arrive at; I do not hesitate to say that it is a morally wrong one. It implies a forgetfulness of Who put you in this world, my friend, that you should wish to skulk through it in that fashion. Is not *this* the right thing for a human being to feel—The Creator put me here, in my lowly place indeed; but I have as good a right in this world, in my own place in it, as the Queen or the Emperor. My title to be here is exactly the same as that of the greatest and noblest: it is the will of my Maker. And I shall follow the advice of a good and resolute man in an early century, who was always ready to give honor to whom it was due, but who would not abnegate his rights as man, for mortal. I intend to do what he said should be done by "every man"—I intend "wherein I am called, therein to abide with God."

There are few more contemptible exhibitions of human slavery than you may find in cowed people who, in every little thing they do, are guided not by their notion of what is right, but by their belief as to what Mrs. Grundy may say, more especially the Grundy whose income and social standing somewhat surpass their own. I once heard a parson,

who had a large income, say that he could not venture to put his man-servant into livery, because the gentry in his parish would not like it! I suggested that it was no concern of the gentry how he might attire his servant; that the questions to be considered concerned only himself, and appeared to me to be these:—

1. Whether he could afford it;

2. Whether he would like it.

And that for myself, if I could answer these questions in the affirmative, I should like to see the man in my parish who would venture to interfere with what I thought fit to do in the matter. Not but what I believe that vulgar and impertinent individuals might be found who would not like to see my friend approximating too closely to their own magnificence; but if there be a thing in this world to be decisively and instantly snubbed, it assuredly would be the insolence of venturing to express, in my friend's presence, either liking or dislike in the case. I have known a talking busybody, a relation of Miss Limejuice, who called at the house of a family lately come to settle in a remote country region, to inform them that their dining so late as they did was regarded as presumptuous; and that various neighboring families felt aggrieved that their own dinner-hour, hitherto esteemed the most advanced in fashion, had been transcended by the newcomers. It may suffice to say, that though the relation of Miss Limejuice was treated with entire civility, she never ventured in that house to recur to that topic again. It is curious how rapidly it comes to be understood, whether any individual possesses that cowed and abject nature which permits impertinent interference in his private concerns, or not. The most meddlesome of tattling old women knows when she may venture to repeat Mrs. Grundy's opinion, and when she had better not. And this without the least noisy demonstration; all this with very little reference to the absolute social position of the person to be interfered with. It is a question of the nature of the animal. An eagle, you know, is a smaller animal than a goose; but it is inexpedient to interfere with the former bird. If you have any unpleasant advice to offer, stick to the goose, my friend!

In this country, when a man gets on in life, and begins to evince signs of wealth, the only hostile feeling he is likely to encounter

is that of the superior class into which he is now seeking admission. It is natural enough that those who have long been in an elevated place should feel disquieted when they find some one on whom they have been accustomed to look downwards, rising up to their own level, or even transcending it. The feeling, of course, is an unworthy one; and worthy people struggle with it, and soon get over it. A still more disagreeable manifestation is one which I am told is not uncommon in democratic countries. It is that the man who rises is pursued by the envy and hatred of the class from which he rises; and that the people of that class desire to keep him down to his original level. I have been told that in the United States men who have reached great fortune are afraid to take the use of it, lest by doing so they should draw upon themselves the popular enmity. It is quite certain that a rich man in a certain Atlantic city put up a gilded lamp over his front-door; and that in a few days a deputation of his neighbors waited upon the rich man, and informed him that the gilded lamp would not do; that it was esteemed as "too aristocratic;" and that if he did not wish his windows smashed, he had better have it taken away. In this country, the rich man would have shown the deputation the door; if, indeed, one can imagine the deputation even coming to him. But in that country of unlimited freedom, where the people are free to force other people to do what *they* like, and what the other people don't like, a different course was advisable. The rich man humbly bowed to the expressed judgment of Mrs. Grundy; and he removed the gilded lamp. As the old Scotch poet said, "Ah, Freedom is a nobill thing!" The misfortune is, that in a perfectly free country, it seems essential that the cultivated minority should be the most cowed people—i.e., the most abject slaves—on the face of the earth.

It is worthy of notice, that in the respect of the attitude which men assume towards the world's opinion, the most remarkable change sometimes passes over them. We all know that human beings, in the course of their lives, go through many phases of opinion and feeling as to most matters: but I think there is no single matter in which they may exhibit extremes so far apart as in the mat-

ter of confidence and cowedness. You will find men who as schoolboys were remarkable for their forwardness; who were always ready to start up and roar out an answer in their class; and who even at college were pushing and confident, and quite willing to take a lead among their fellow-students; but who ten years after leaving the university, have shrunk into very modest and retiring and timid men. I have known several cases in which this was so; always in the case of men who had carried off very high honors. Doubtless this loss of confidence is in some measure the result of growing experience, and of the lowlier estimate of one's own powers which *that* seldom fails to bring to men of sense; but I believe that it is in no small measure the result of a nervous system early over driven, and of a mental constitution from which the elasticity has been taken by too hard work, gone through too soon. You know that if you put a horse in harness at three years old, he will, if he be a good horse, do his work splendidly; but he will not do it long. At six years old, he will be a spiritless, broken-down creature. You took it out of him too soon. He is used up. And the cleverest young men at the universities are often like the horse set to hard work at three. By the time they are two-and-twenty, you have sometimes taken out of them the best that will ever come. They will probably die about middle age; and till that time they will go heavily through life, with little of the cheerful spring. They will not rise to the occasion. They cannot answer the spur. They are prematurely old: weary, jaded, cowed. Oh, that the vile system of midnight toil at the universities, both of England and Scotland, were finally abolished! It directly encourages many of the most promising of the race to mortgage their best energies and their future years to sustain the reckless expenditure of the present. It would be an invaluable blessing if it were made a law, inexecutable as those of the Medes, that no honors should ever be given to any student who was not in bed by eleven o'clock at latest.

It is a sad thing when any person, old or young, goes through his work in a cowed spirit. I do not mean goes through his work in a jaded, heartless way, merely, but goes through his work in the bare hope of

escaping blame. A great part of all that is done in this world is done in this way. Many children, many servants, many clerks, and even several parsons, go through their daily round thus. I need not say how poorly that work will usually be done which the man wishes just to get through without any great reprobation; but think how unhappily it will be done, and what a miserable training of mind and heart it is! It seems to me that few people do their work heartily, and really as well as they can. And people whose desire is merely to get through somehow, seem to stand to their work as at a level below it. The man who honestly does his best, works from above; his task is below him; he is master of it, however hard it may be. The man who hopes no more than to escape censure, and who accordingly aims at nothing more, seems to work from below; his task is above him; he is cowed by it. Let us resolve that we shall always give praise when we can. You will find many people who are always willing to find fault with their servants, if their servants do anything wrong, but who never say an approving word when their servants do right. You will find many people who do the like as to their children. And only too often that wretched management breaks the spring of the youthful spirit. Yes, many little children are cowed; and the result is either a permanent dull quiescence, never to be got over, or a fierce reaction against the accursed tyranny that embittered early years—a reaction which may sometimes cast off entirely the bonds of natural affection, and even of moral restraint. How it encourages and cheers the cowed little fellow, growing up in the firm belief that he is hopelessly wicked, and never can do anything to please any one, to try reward as a change from constant punishment and bullying! I have seen the good effect upon such a one of the kind approving word. How much more cheerfully the work will be done; how much better it will be done; and how much happier a man will be that does it! A poor fellow who never expects that he can please, and who barely hopes that he may pass without censure and abuse, will do his task very heartlessly. Let us praise warmly and heartily wherever praise is deserved. And if we weigh the matter, we shall find that a great deal of hearty praise is deserved

in this world on every day that shines upon it.

May I conclude by saying, that many worthy people go through their religious duties in a thoroughly cowed spirit? They want just to escape God's wrath—not to gain his kind favor. The great spring of conduct within them is not love, but abject terror. Truly a mistaken service! You have heard of the devil-worshippers in India; do you know why they worship the devil? Because they think him a very powerful being, who can do them a mischief if they don't. Does not the worship of the Almighty rendered in that cowed spirit, partake of the essential nature of devil-worship? Let us not love and serve our Maker, my reader, because we are in fear that he will torment us if we do not. Let us humbly love and serve him because he is so good, so kind to you and me, because he loved us first, and because we can see him

and his glory in the kindest face this world ever saw! I do not think we should have been afraid of Jesus of Nazareth. I do not think we need have gone in a cowed spirit to him. And in him we have the only manifestation that is level to our understanding, of the Invisible God. I think we could have gone to him confidently as a little child to a kind mother. I think we should have feared no repulse, no impatience as we told to him the story of all our sins and wants and cares. We can picture to ourselves, even yet, the kindly, sorrowful features which little children loved, and which drew those unsophisticated beings together round him without a fear. Let there be deep humility, but nothing of that unworthy terror. You remember what we know on the best of all authority is the first and great thing we are to do. It is not to cultivate a cowed spirit. It is to LOVE our Maker with heart and soul and mind.

A. K. H. B.

A NAME FOR OUR COUNTRY.—From the beginning of the Rebellion we have been convinced that our descriptive and awkward name is one great cause of the confusion of ideas, at home and abroad, upon the nature of the government. See what the *Saturday Review* of 18 Jan. says upon the subject. When we assemble a Convention on the Constitution a name should be settled by authority. We suggest, but do not like, "The Republic of America."

"The United States and their inhabitants have never had anything which can really be called a name. 'The United States of North America' is a mere diplomatic description, not the real name of a country. 'A citizen of the United States' is yet more manifestly a formula which can only be used in some document of unusual solemnity. We have had to fall back on the awkward names of 'America' and 'Americans.' There is plainly no reason why those names should be applied to that particular part of the Continent rather than to any other part. A Canadian or a Brazilian is as much an American as a citizen of New York or New Orleans. There is also the practical difficulty that the restricted use has not wholly excluded the general one. If we are talking politics, 'America' means the United States only; but if we are talking philology or natural history, 'America' still means the whole Continent. The circumstances of the United States made it very difficult to find a good name. Thirteen colonies,

previously united by nothing but a common allegiance to the British Crown, united themselves into a Federal Republic. There was no name which at once included them all and did not include something besides. In describing the Revolutionary War the difficulty constantly occurs. We have to talk of 'Colonists,' 'Provincials,' 'Continental,' and, after the Declaration of Independence, of 'Americans.' Their enemies, on the other hand, are 'the British.' They are hardly ever 'the English.' Doubtless the colonists still looked on themselves as Englishmen. They were Englishmen in America, just as the others were Englishmen in Britain. Something of the feeling, or at least of the habit, is still retained. Americans still often say 'British' where men of any other nation would say 'English.' In truth, whatever we say of the motley crowds of Irish and Germans in some of the States, a true New Englander or a true Virginian should not in the least object to be called an Englishman. He is not a Briton—that is a matter of geography and of politics; but he is an Englishman by blood and language. And though he will not call himself an Englishman, he will do exactly the same thing in another form by the use of the ridiculous word 'Anglo-Saxon.' The strictest description of the 'Americans' would be 'those among the English in North America who threw off their allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain.' In truth, there is no real name either for the country or for its people."

From The National Magazine.
MY UNCLE'S STORY.

FOR many years I have regularly made an expedition to the north-west coast of Ireland. There my uncle, Mr. Barton, resided in his wild and beautiful glebe,—the mountains to the south, the broad Atlantic to the north,—and there I used to visit him, to fish for salmon and trout in the lakes and rivers, and to shoot his grouse. Oh, what happy days they were! The glorious scenery; the wild sport; the bracing, invigorating air; the warm-hearted, rough, but courteous and kindly mountaineers, who thought no courtesy or kindness sufficient for "the rector's nephew." How well they loved him! Though a stranger to them by birth and education, still he was their sympathizing friend. He had learned their feelings, and they felt that he was heart and soul their own.

And now all is over. I was hastily summoned to him in last May, and, after a short illness, he passed peacefully away, bewailed and missed by all those kind people who loved him so truly. Farewell, then, to those happy scenes; but long will his memory live who gave them half their zest.

After the excitement of this day's work, I shall try to calm my feelings by transcribing a letter which I found in his desk, and which throws a light on some earlier passages in my uncle's history.

How well I remember the quiet grave, catching the last long beams of the western sun.

I comply with your desire, my dear nephew, to know the history of my life, although I cannot let you have it until you find it in my papers after I am gone: I could not be at ease in your society if I felt you had this key to my inner self, to unlock the past at your pleasure; I should always fear allusions to what is buried deep in my heart; but my principal reason is—that there is an image which I could not bear to associate in your mind with your rusty old uncle until death has thrown over me the softening veil which will make it less incongruous. You have always known me as an old parish clergyman, and I never was a young one. My early days, from the time I lost my mother, were devoted to study; and the line of research which suited both my abilities and my

taste (which never was youthful), required a close investigation and pursuit of truth, for its own sake, with a quick and sharp detection of falsehood, which had the effect of satisfying my moral perceptions without nourishing or enlarging them. When I detected a fallacy or misrepresentation, or brought to light some fact that was hidden under exaggeration, no doubt there was so much gained on the side of truth; but truth was none the more lovely for the victory. Mine was a dry, hard, accurate life, yet a happy one. The esteem in which I was held within and beyond the walls of my college was satisfactory evidence that my labors were useful; and I found among literary men as much interchange of thought and of good-will as I desired.

I had taken holy orders as a matter of course, at a certain stage in my university career; and was quite content to bear the title of Reverend, and to officiate occasionally; preaching faithfully and honestly whenever I was required to preach; without ever considering the vows I had taken to feed the flock of Christ, and to fulfil to them the duties of a pastor. I had no flock to feed, no disciples to educate; and the ordination office was to me a dead letter. Suddenly the excitement, then at its height, about "Church principles," aroused me; I read the vows of ordination with new eyes, as a reality; and a reality into which I had voluntarily entered, and wilfully neglected, not even attempting to fulfil what I had undertaken. I saw that having thus pledged myself it was no longer a matter of choice; and I determined to seek some work among my fellow-creatures, and no longer to live between the covers of a book; but there was great awkwardness and difficulty in the task. I was accustomed to teach and to influence minds through the press, and my name was known as an author, not only in my own peculiar line of dry research, but also by those poems which had unhappily seen the light, and which I could not now recall. How could I face living men and women with these things fastened to my name, so that anybody might read my thoughts and feelings and aspirations and compare them with myself? Perhaps it was vanity; but, whatever was its source, the mortification and shyness were very great; so great that

I refused several appointments, and at last caught at one of the most unattractive to every man in my college.

"Will any one go to the West Coast of Ireland? Here is a letter from a friend of mine, who is obliged to go abroad for his wife's health, and wants some one to fill his place for a few months."

Here I thought I could begin, and get away as soon as I had conquered the first difficulty. Probably there would be no work, as it was a parish stretching along the wild shore of the Atlantic, between the mountains and the ocean; but I could get accustomed to the position of a parish clergyman, and to the sound of my own voice, and then—as I often repeated to myself—and then leave it. So my services were offered and accepted, and I was requested to make no delay, as the rector, Mr. Mansell, must be gone before a certain Sunday, and there was not a clergyman within twelve miles who could officiate for him. It was in this brief interval I learned what would have made me draw back, had it not been too late: I was to share the rectory with the mother and sister of the absentee, and they would make me acquainted with the parish!

"Impossible!" I said; "I shall go to the village inn."

"My dear sir, do you know that coast? There is no village; and no inn within twenty-two miles."

"Then I shall lodge in a farmhouse."

"Be it so," answered my friend, smiling; "but I advise you not to decide until you see what an Irish farmhouse is like."

"And as to showing me the parish—where are the churchwardens?"

"I suppose there are none."

"Then the squire of the parish could surely point out the boundaries, and so on?"

"The squire, or rather the lord of the soil, has a house ten miles from the church; but he lives in London, or at one of his English residences."

It was too late to retract. I need not describe my journey, and yet you who so often travel the same ground can have no idea what it was five-and-twenty years ago. What is now an ill-natured caricature of poor Ireland was then literally true; broken cars, imperfect harness, kicking horses, tipsy drivers, and all the rest of it: and right glad I was when the unmistakable voice of

the Atlantic told me I was near my destination. Now, I shall go minutely over the first few days; you could not otherwise understand it. And remember, George, that every hour is so engraven on my mind, that I can call up any scene at pleasure; so that often when I sit silent in your presence, I am seeing forms, and hearing voices, *yes*, and *enjoying* conversations, that exist only in memory. It was in this drawing-room, where I now write. I was courteously and hospitably welcomed by an old lady, who spoke of her absent son, and of the benefit I had conferred on them in taking his place. Her manner possessed not only the natural dignity that belongs to character, but also the polish which is acquired by society; and I felt at once that in this wild and remote region I was in the presence of one who belonged to the circles of nobility. She called my attention to the glorious aspect of the setting sun, which was sending a pillar of fire down into the ocean, and casting its last beams, with a power beyond the noontide, into the room.

The door opened, and a light and girlish figure entered as it were into those beams, which seemed to circle and close around her, radiant and calm. She was not aware of my arrival, and started at the sight of a stranger; but, graciously acknowledging my presence, she passed hastily forward, and knelt beside her mother. The sounds were almost inaudible; but it was evident she was relating some tale of pressing want; and, having received directions, she left the room with a key and a basket. All the detail of that little figure was stamped on my perception by a sort of mental photography: the modest bonnet, the white dress, (she always wore white), the black mantle so gracefully falling around her; then the unconsciousness of self which the whole movement expressed, and the varying looks of pity, of explanation, of pleading, of urgency, that passed over her features in that short moment; the unconscious action, the hands clasped, then raised, then pointing—all as if expressing some urgent necessity of her own. After a short interval she returned, dressed for the evening, and with graceful courtesy welcomed me, apologizing for not doing so before, as "there was some one waiting, in great distress." I had a letter of introduction to the formidable sister, and I hesitated in present-

ing it, saying, "Perhaps this lady is not here." It could scarcely be that this young girl was the person to show me the parish, and there was an unusual disparity between the ages of mother and daughter; so that I was surprised, and perhaps relieved, when she said, "Yes; it is for me," and entered into animated conversation about the writer and the subject of the letter. My anxiety lest I should be domesticated with these ladies was set at rest; for the elder informed me that separate apartments were prepared for me, and I need only visit them when it was my pleasure to do so.

Strange to tell, that was the first evening I ever conducted family worship. It began with a hymn, in which the voices of the ladies and servants united; and then we separated, after I had received a gracious invitation to pass the next day with them.

My first walk along these noble cliffs was with her. I had never seen the ocean in its open and unbroken grandeur, and, as she said afterwards, she felt as if she were going to present me to the Sovereign. I was conscious that she felt my unuttered delight, and guided me from point to point as one who could appreciate; but I was struck then, and always, by her silence in the presence of the beautiful and the grand. She loved nature with a reverence so deep and heartfelt, that she could no more have spoken light words of praise and admiration, than she could have been garrulous about her mother's excellence. A glance, a scarcely perceptible movement of hand or eye, directed my attention to the grandest points of view,—to the combination of rock and ocean—to the fine outline of the headlands—to the effect of light and shadow; yet she allowed me to see and to admire for myself; never distracting me from one object by exclaiming at the beauty of another. I have seen her cheek grow pale and flush again before the majesty of the waves; I have seen her gaze upon the sun setting, or the moon as it was reflected in the water, with eyes that spoke a homage beyond the sun or moon; I have seen those sweet eyes fill with tears of pleasure over a new-blown flower; but I have seldom heard her speak of her love of beauty, or expatiate on the scenery in which she delighted; never, except in moments of most confidential intercourse, when her mind unfolded its secret treasures.

We walked by the cliffs to the coastguard station, where she said my English ascent would be like home music; and then we visited a school, in which each child seemed to possess some peculiar interest of character or circumstance. Many a smile and many a glance of quick intelligence passed between her and the children, while they tried to answer the English gentleman's questions. I had thought of a school only as an instrument of which the pupils were part of the machinery, and observed, with some surprise, "Each of these children seems an especial favorite."

"Well," she replied, "each is a favorite for some reason; no one could help loving them, they are so nice."

My idea of nice was strangely in contrast with this assembly of bare feet and laughing faces; but I understood her application of the word, when, on the way homeward, a troop of these little ones stood before us, flushed and panting after a race across the fields to collect the nosegays of wild-flowers which they now presented to her. She sat down on a rock to admire and arrange them, and while I was examining with my pocket microscope one she presented to me,* I saw and heard the happy group.

"O Miss Ellie," said a girl, with a deprecating glance at her feet covered with mud, "I had to go far in the bog for this bog-bean; wont you wear it in your hair?"

"I shall put it in water, Maggie," she replied; "it is too beautiful for dress."

"Not too beautiful for you, Miss Ellie darling!" said the girl, with a look of intense admiration.

"And I had a great race after this red milkwort," said another; "wont you keep them separate, that you may think of us till to-morrow, Miss Ellie?"

"I shall take as many as I can carry," she answered; "and with the rest I crown my best of little girls, that watches her poor Granny's sheep." And quickly twining the flowers into a wreath, she placed it on the head of a little one who looked the poorest and most ragged of the party, and who ran off laughing, followed by the whole group, over sandbanks and rocks.

* In the writer's pocket-book was found a *Pinguicula*, carefully pressed, and inscribed "My first walk in Ireland."

"Do you teach them botany, Miss Mansell?" I inquired in my dry way.

"Oh, no!" she replied, blushing: "but I want them to enjoy all the lovely things God has spread around them."

And now we came to a hovel, sunk below the level of the path; into which, after begging me to pardon her absence for a few minutes, she dived, and was received with a yell of welcome. I heard the loud voices within, and her own gentle tones, all speaking a language unknown to me; and she soon emerged, having deposited the contents of a basket which she had carried all the way; and followed by yells in the same unknown tongue, which the gesticulation with which they were uttered showed to be blessings.

"I beg your pardon for leaving you," she said; "but they have typhus fever in that house."

"And have you no fear of infection?"

"None," she replied; "but if I had there is no choice; for they are unfortunately very bad people, and none of their neighbors care for them. The husband has just returned from prison."

"For what crime?" I asked.

"For burning our hay, and killing our sheep," she replied, with some hesitation and a blush, as if she had done it herself.

"And would they injure you now?" I inquired.

"Perhaps not; I hope not; but they are very wretched and totally ignorant," she replied.

"You speak their language—Gaelic?" I observed.

"Irish," she replied, correcting me with a look of something like indignation. "My native language."

"Is it not very difficult to learn?" I asked.

"Not very much more difficult than German," she replied; "but I found it necessary to give up learning German, to give my whole attention to it."

"Was not that a sacrifice?"

"I confess it was," she replied; "but there are hundreds here who speak no other language; and while we are ignorant of theirs we must be aliens, and can never be their friends and comforters; so I had no choice."

Wherever Duty spoke, she always felt "she had no choice;" and her conception

of the extent or demands of Duty never was limited by her own convenience or her own taste. If a sacrifice was to be made, she did not deny that it was a sacrifice, though she bore it cheerfully; but in general the master-passion of her heart, a pure benevolence, made her own choice and preference coincide with any effort to which she was called. Until she knew me well enough to cease to fear me, she fancied I was too learned and too abstracted to be conscious of what was passing around me; so that while I looked at a book, or hid behind a sheet of the *Times*, all went on as if I were not in the room: as she afterwards said, "I had the happy art of letting myself be forgotten:" and thus I could observe their pleasant household ways, and hear their discursive talk, and see her innocent playfulness with her mother, unchecked by the presence of a stranger—and sometimes, when I was shut up in the study, her merry laugh or a joyous snatch of song would reach me from the garden beneath, like a breath of summer air rustling the leaves of an old book.

A few days after my arrival, I had thus shut myself up for the morning to complete a manuscript on which I was engaged; but my attention was irresistibly attracted by a boat, which sailed early towards the Island. There was no church there at that time, and the lighthouse being the only visible building, I had thought of it only as a picturesque mass of rock, rising abruptly out of the waves which dashed and raved around it. After some hours the boat re-appeared, and, having watched its progress through those tremendous billows, I went to see its arrival at the landing-place, where I was surprised to find Mrs. Mansell, waiting, she said, to meet her daughter. I exclaimed "Is it possible she is in that boat?—what a dreadful risk!"

There was some hauteur in her tone as she replied, "There is no danger on so calm a day as this. Miss Mansell is not imprudent; the old boatman is skilful and experienced. My maid (formerly her own nurse) accompanies her in all her expeditions: but," she added earnestly, "if there was some risk and if there was some hardship, I would not forbid it: in the cause of charity I would see my daughter encounter difficulty, just as I saw her father go to battle. As good soldiers of Jesus Christ we have not only to

fight the enemy within our own hearts; we must contend against the misery and darkness which sin has produced around us. In this instance, however, there is no risk."

As she sprang from the boat to the beach she was welcomed in her mother's embrace as if after a month's separation; and as they walked towards the house Mrs. Mansell questioned her so as to let me learn the object of the excursion.

"Were the young women at the light-house pleased with the last books?"

"Quite interested, and they asked for another; and they have begun to teach those poor children; and they quite gladly undertook to make the clothes for that poor baby; and the seeds in their garden are coming up nicely, so that it will be a pleasure to them all the autumn."

"And the Coastguard?"

"They promise to bring the child next Sunday for baptism, and will all come to church to hear the English gentleman" (with a shy smile towards me). "And, mamma, I have promised that you and nurse will be sponsors for the baby, as they have no friends."

"Were your strawberries acceptable to the sick girl?"

"Well, as she had never seen any before, I had to encourage her, like Robinson Crusoe, by eating one; and at first, like Friday, she 'began to spatter;' but finally enjoyed them, though the 'tea and white loaf' were more welcome. And mamma, the light-house girls went with me, and promise to visit her often."

"Was your rope approved of?"

Here the bright face clouded, and, in a subdued voice, she told,—

"O mamma, darling! Only yesterday a poor boy was nearly killed by the cord giving way while he was gathering sea-birds' eggs down the cliff; but he clung to the rock; and you can imagine how glad they were to get that fine strong rope."

"And how was the Irish reader received?"

"They would not have listened to him if he had gone alone; but I left him sitting on the rocks, reading the story of peace (the last chapter of St. Matthew) to four fishermen; who became so interested that they asked him to remain the night and finish it."

"You will think us very wild Irish people, Mr. Barton," said her mother, when she had left us, "when I tell you that this island expedition takes place every week in fine weather. It is my son's parish, and he visits it regularly."

"It does seem a severe life for a young girl," I said.

"Severe? Yes," she repeated thoughtfully; "severe, but not harsh: never was a young creature more perfectly happy."

It was indeed true. She seemed ever to exult in a joyous sense of existence; an overflowing of vitality and happiness that communicated itself to all around her. Every eye brightened as it met hers; and all kindly and pleasant feelings seemed to flow forth to greet her; and her life was a thanksgiving to Him who had given her all things richly to enjoy.

I was disposed to regard this mission to the island as a great event, something to be either proud or humble about; and was prepared to receive her as a heroine or a devotee. But when she rejoined us, in her pretty evening costume, there was nothing to remind us that she had not spent the morning among her flowers, except that her color was heightened by the sea-breeze, and her eyes were dancing with that peculiar gladness they seemed to catch from the waves in sunshine; and no allusion was made to the island, except that she was rejoicing over some shells and seaweed she had gathered there. She would have been incredulous had she seen it recorded that her whole strength was devoted to acts of charity; yet it was the fact; not as a rule, but because she yielded herself to every claim of the needy, and they did claim all she could give. It was not that as a matter of stern duty she dedicated hours of each day to the poor as a class; but that the individuals around her had some want—to be clothed, to be fed, to be visited—from which she never thought of turning away her face. Political economy would have frowned on her want of system. I am only telling what was, not what might have been. Her life of ceaseless benevolence was the outflowing of a spirit of grateful love; each separate act was spontaneous; she lived for and in others so entirely, and was so truly actuated by the desire to follow Him who went about doing good, that it became a difficult question how

far she was exercising self-denial; and, in studying her life, I learned that where there is a real abnegation of self as the object, there is little room for that sort of petty conflict between inclination and duty which is often exalted into a virtue, and spoken of as the highest attainment. She had naturally a noble thirst for knowledge, and her mind had just reached the point where the passive receptiveness of childhood changes to the active inquiry of maturity; life, death, and eternity, were before her as great realities; she was full of questionings (though never of doubts and scruples, for her faith was clear, and her conscience healthful); and contact with a man who had read and thought and seen was just what she wanted to meet the cravings of her intellect. I was able to teach her much; to direct her exertions for self-cultivation; and all the while that I was learning from her lessons which have formed my life since, she was looking up to me with the enthusiastic reverence with which the philosophers of Greece were regarded by their disciples. That volume of poems had long been her favorite companion, though, with exquisite tact, she concealed this from me until our confidence had gone beyond my natural reserve and awkwardness.

Truly beautiful it was to see her, just when catching the solution of a problem; just when grasping a thought which had been vaguely moving in her mind; just when reading a passage of poetry that made her eye kindle and her lip quiver, suddenly break off, and with childlike simplicity attend to some trifle for her dear mother's work; or start up at the frequent call, "Miss Ellie, one wants you." I have seen her performing the most menial offices for the sick and helpless; dressing wounds at which her cheek grew pale; and in five minutes returning with unchecked interest to the most refined conversation on literature. The first time I saw her thus engaged, she mistook my look for disapprobation, and answered it with a deep blush; saying in a low tone, "Ye also ought to wash one another's feet." Yet there was nothing abrupt in these transitions: the playfulness of a merry child; the deep feeling of a thoughtful woman; the practical energy of a philanthropist; the earnestness of a being thoroughly imbued with the perception and the love of truth,

blended into each other, so that there was "nothing sudden, nothing single;" her idiosyncrasy was one, though composed of endless variety; and she was none the less firmly rooted and grounded in fixed principle, because she was flexible to every touch of human sympathy, and versatile in the perception and reflection of every light and shadow. I believe that had I never seen her after the first evening there would have been an indelible impression on my existence; she entered my heart almost as she entered the room. It was not an excited sense of admiration; it was simply that *she*, such as she was, became a part of my inner life, which never could be by weal or woe detached from it: I used to please myself with the thought that it was like a child coming into a dull and silent house; the windows are thrown open, chambers are searched that had been locked and forgotten, the old walls echo to sounds of gladness; voice and light have come. I loved her at once, though I loved her increasingly. Very soon I began to regard whatever she had touched or used as sacred, almost as I do now. If I saw a careless hand approach a book or flower of hers, I felt—somewhat as I did the other day, when I so hastily and rudely removed your whip and gloves from that little table, which was once her work-table;—I had a mysterious consciousness of her presence: an indescribable consciousness, too, of her unspoken thoughts. I never deceived myself by calling it mere friendship; I knew that I loved as man or woman can love but once. The first love of early youth is fervent and attractive, but the power and majesty of the passion is only known where it enters into the soul of a strong man. I did thus love her, yet without one selfish feeling; to see her, to hear her, to share her interests as I did—in fact to know that she existed—was so much to me that I never was tempted to look beyond the present. I knew perfectly that such love as I felt for her she never could feel for me; that no mingling visions of a mutual future must ever be cherished. And at that time there was no pain in the thought, so entirely had self disappeared while I lived in her: but the awakening came.

You know the effect, even now, of the cry of "Puseyism." At that time it was regarded as some mysterious evil; and those

who uttered and those who echoed the accusation only meant something dreadful, with little definite meaning. The observance of a festival (All Saints) which I was not aware was generally neglected in Ireland, was the occasion of raising this cry against me: and then my dress, my manner, my doctrine (apparently least important of the three), were brought up in confirmation of the charge. I received a formal request from the bishop that I would at once resign the temporary care of the parish, as even the discussion of the accusations against me would excite painful disturbance in the diocese. The very principles which his lordship condemned obliged me to yield instant obedience. Indeed, as I held the appointment only by his permission, I doubt whether I could have resisted: but while my resignation was passing through the post-office, there came an official order, given at the request of the neighboring clergy (who a few years after discovered that the doctrines they condemned were in their Bibles, and the practices in their Prayer-books), that I should not again officiate in the church. The congregation were actually assembled there for a week-day service, and I had to dismiss them.

The keen and indignant sense of wrong, which belongs to her country, was very strong in her nature, and it rose at this indignity to her friend. For the first time, she waited for me in the church, and for the first time volunteered to take my arm: while her whole figure assumed an air of pride and dignity, at which I could not but smile, as she thus walked through the little assembly, making conspicuous the honor and veneration in which she held me.

Once again we met in that aisle, but not face to face—once again she passed in my presence through that churchyard, but I saw her not!

Then came the separation; after six months of a communion as perfect, a love on the one side and a friendship on the other as pure and as true, as ever blessed the human heart. The evening previous to my departure her dear mother was confined to her room by cold, and we were for an hour alone. She brought me, as a parting gift, a little volume of sketches, which you will find with this. The coastguard station we first visited; the church; the island; the half-

built schoolhouse which I had begun as a gift to the parish; a view of the cliffs from the water, and of the mountains from her flower-garden. In the first page there is a wreath of violets surrounding the words "Thoughts of good together done." She pointed to the two verses alluded to in the *Christian Year*, with which I had made her acquainted, and repeated in a low voice:—

"Oh, joys that, sweetest in decay,
Fall not like withered leaves away;
But with the silent breath
Of violets, drooping one by one,
Soon as their fragrant task is done
Are wafted high in death."

She raised her eyes to my face, and read there what I intended to conceal. In a startled tone she said,—

"You are very sorry, are you?"

I answered,—and the words sounded hard and distant, and beat upon my ear as if spoken by another,—*"I did not know the human heart was capable of such anguish."*

She looked at me with her truthful and inquiring eyes, and I replied,—

"You, Ellie!"

"Me!" she exclaimed with an expression of unfeigned astonishment and terror. And then I spoke; I told her all that was in my heart; and I only asked her to remember our happy intercourse when I had returned to my solitary home.

After a long pause, she repeated the word "Solitary—must it always be solitary? Surely, you will find a companionship more worthy of you than mine!"

I besought her not to say that; and told her the plain fact that I had never thought of marriage, because I had never thought of love; and I could never think of it again.

"And I have doomed you to a solitary home, perhaps a desolate age," she said slowly and thoughtfully.

My journey commenced early, and in the dim twilight of a November morning she was in the breakfast-room: the blight of an intense mental conflict was on her face; her fingers were interlaced with nervous intensity; she seemed to shiver in the chilly air, and there was an expression of submissive endurance as if she had suffered for years.

She began at once in a calm low tone: "My dearest, kindest friend, I have wronged you grievously; I did not intend it; but I must have tried to attract you, to appear

superior to what I am, or you could never, never—oh! do not interrupt me; let me say it all—I have never felt what love is; I have only an ideal to sacrifice; an ideal that might never be realized; and I will make the sacrifice if you will accept it.”

It is said by those who have recovered from drowning that in the moment when they hung between life and death their whole past seemed to stand before them as a present fact—and so it was with me when she had spoken those words; in that moment a future with her, a future placed within my grasp, unrolled to my vision; thoughts and hopes that had never lived before sprung up in vigor; I saw a home in which she presided: I saw her my own—but true love crushed the selfish imagination. The conflict was fearful, but it was brief; a conflict that curdled years into a minute, a conflict in which the good and the evil within strained every power for the mastery; but true love prevailed pure and triumphant; and her mother's heart could not have folded round her more tenderly than mine to shield her from such a sacrifice. Poor child! her gratitude when I refused to accept it found vent in floods of tears, and she kissed my hand as though it had broken the chain that bound the victim to the stake. When her composure was restored, I told her what I would accept in return for all the love I bore her—it was that she would never believe it possible I could change, and also that she would never be startled into withdrawing the confidence of friendship by the fear that I might ever seek more.

She looked at me again, with that earnest, honest look. “But if on trial you find yourself desolate; if I have indeed blighted your life; you will allow me to make all the compensation I can:” and again there was that shudder of quivering pain; that expression of self-immolation; and again she repeated, “I am quite sincere; I have never seen any one; it was only an ideal of what might be.”

A length I persuaded her that I could never find happiness in any sacrifice of hers; and thus we parted.

If she had trifled with my happiness, if she had shown coldness or indifference, if my conscience had accused her of any fault, I should have been desolate; but my esteem was only deepened; I could gaze on and admire and honor her unfolding excellence,

and my love remained my own, unsullied in its purity, strengthened in its power.

“There is a comfort in the strength of love; It makes a thing endurable which else Would unsettle the brain or break the heart;”

and in this comfort my life has abounded. I have never, never, except for one short interval, felt solitary since I knew her; I have felt her life so influencing mine; I can so refer to her taste and judgment: I know so well how she would act in every circumstance, and view every subject, that I cannot be alone. I speak in the present tense, for there was that which could not die; the forms and modes of life may alter, but the character they express changes not. Into my external life, too, into my relation with my fellow-creatures, she had brought vitality; other objects were never darkened by contrast with her brilliancy; her light was diffusive, and gave an interest to everything it touched. Hitherto I had regarded mankind in the mass, and all my ideas for their good were fixed on extensive plans, on the machinery of benevolence: she taught me to individualize, she brought into my existence the feminine element in which persons are regarded rather than things or ideas; and in my parishioners (for I immediately entered on the duties of a parish near my college, where I was warmly welcomed on my return from my Irish exile) I found the interest which arises from personal sympathy.

Any one to hear her speak would imagine she had lived among the most interesting people and places in the world; you would long to be acquainted with any one she mentioned; no person or thing remained commonplace under her touch. I thought this a charm peculiar to herself, but in absence I found it was just the power of truth and love which dwelt in her. There is a beauty and an interest and an idiosyncrasy in every creature of God, and we are blind to it, because we have so little love: she had taught me to love, not herself alone, but all with whom his Providence connected me. You were a baby-boy then, my dear George, and I wondered how in my absence you had become so lovely and attractive. The change, your mother said, was not in you, but in my own perceptions; my heart and eyes were opened. The effect was felt in my ministry; the children became so attached to me as

to receive my instruction with delight; all were drawn to their minister; no; I never again was solitary; it is a blessed thing to be beloved, but better still it is to love; as your favorite poet has since expressed it:—

“God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it thrives
Falls off, and love is left alone.”

But though love was in one sense left alone, in another and a higher it can never be alone. I say all this to you, my dear George, lest you should reproach her, as she reproached herself, for my solitary life.

At first her letters,—for she became a regular correspondent,—were grave and constrained, like those of a child who had done wrong; but gradually as I wrote of common subjects and daily interests, she became herself. And those letters present a better picture than I could draw of the ever-varying yet ever-consistent character of her nature; but I cannot let you read them. My dear George, they are the contents of the sandalwood box which I have directed to be placed in my coffin.

This went on for years; the development and strengthening of intellect, and the growth in deep and earnest piety, were unconsciously displayed, so that no link in her life was lost to me. At length a name was mentioned: I observed a stronger expression of her affection and esteem to myself; a stronger assurance that she never could forget all she owed to me. Then came the wish that I could know Mr. Lyndsey and that he could know me; he could appreciate me; he would be worthy of my friendship. I knew what was coming, and felt no pain when a long letter from dear Mrs. Mansell, and a short one from herself, announced her approaching marriage. I knew him by character; he had been a distinguished member of my university. My brother was quartered in the cathedral town in Ireland where he was curate, and frequently mentioned the zeal and genius and eloquence of the young Oxonian.

I do believe he was worthy of her; I do believe that under his moulding hand she attained her highest perfection, both of excellence and happiness. They walked as heirs together of the grace of life, having one aim and one hope;—it seemed the fulfilled ideal of marriage. I traced it in many

ways; at first she seemed afraid to give utterance to her happiness, but truth prevailed. I asked her to write to me freely and fully as she used to do, and then it flowed out in every word and expression. She gloried in his worth and genius; she admired and looked up to him with a love and reverence so profound that it absorbed all thought of what she was to him; she thought herself so honored in being his wife, so raised above herself, that her identity seemed almost lost. His views, his words, his thoughts, his deeds filled every letter; not by intention, for she sometimes told me something of herself in a postscript, but because he seemed to fill all space in her world; yet underlying all was the dear home-consciousness, the soft, tender confidence, that she was precious to him as he was to her. I had come so much to live in their happiness, and to feel their bright life the sunshine of mine (for the conflict had been long past, and every selfish wound long healed), that her loss could scarcely have been a greater shock to me than the announcement of his death, with the addition so frequent in the Irish papers, “by typhus fever, caught in the discharge of his duties.” Columns were filled, in the local newspapers, with lamentation, and with testimonies to his value, with many respectful allusions to the young widow. She was childless too. I did not dare to write to her, and remained in suspense until, by her own desire, her brother informed me of all particulars. The illness had been brief, and from the first hopeless. She was cast down, but not in despair; despair dwells not with faith. And now there was a new phase in her existence. It did seem so strange, so wofully strange, that she was a mourner; that she, who was the comforter of all, who was such a reservoir of joy that when she shook her wings bright gleams fell all around; that she, with the merry eyes and gleesome laugh,—Ellie, her own self, was now the afflicted one.

I heard of her continually, and from her occasionally. That was the darkest period of my life. Not having known him I was cut off from her. I deeply regretted the morbid feeling which had from time to time caused me to delay accepting his cordial invitations. Had I been his friend, I might have shared and soothed her sorrow; now I could only feel for her, not with her, and the very servants who valued their master

seemed nearer to her than I was. And I was lonely in heart; but gradually, as she arose from the cold stupor of a blow so crushing, there appeared in her letters an elevation of the whole being, a purity, a sanctity, a sublime humility, and I found myself again a learner; while she—precious child!—in the simplicity of her heart, expressed to me all the depth of her bereavement, and all the depth and height of her consolation.

Another grief quickly followed, in the death of my dear, kind friend, her mother. And she was alone. Her brother and his wife urged her to make this glebe again her home, but she decided on remaining in the place where he whom she loved had laid down his life for his brethren; and she said, "I shall not be desolate if I can feel his life prolonged in mine, by carrying on his work among the afflicted."

At length I determined to see her once again, and, as I had a friend near the town, I went to his house, and asked her to appoint an hour to receive me. It was nine years since we had met. All that morning a scene rose before my eyes, of which I had seldom thought in the interval. It was her romantic garden among the rocks, after a summer gale from the west, which had torn and beaten to the ground many of her favorite plants; and I seemed once more to see her figure as she bound them up with looks of tender pity, as if the flowers could feel. I was prepared for a change, but not so great a contrast. For the vast ocean and the lofty mountains there was the narrow street, with no view but the cathedral tower; for the white dress and gay blue ribbons fluttering in the breeze there was the deep mourning garb; for the ringlets that used to glitter in the sun, and toss in the wind, and shade her laughing eyes, there was that awful widow's cap. I gazed a moment in silence; she smiled, and I saw Ellie once more. All the soul of goodness and truth which made the loveliness of that bright girl spoke through the holy smile of the widowed woman. O Ellie! Ellie! if I had loved you well in your mirth, how did my very soul melt in tenderness before your sorrow! How gladly would I have laid down my life, yes, or my reason, how gladly would I have let her forget me forever, if I could thus have restored her

husband! I think she read it all in my face, for she answered my thought:—

"Yes, I wish you had known him, for then my dear, dear friend, you would not think my lot so sad: you would understand that I enjoy a companionship in the thought of him; that I am happier in having belonged to him, than in all else this life could have given; and there is hope; hope full of immortality."

This first interview was very painful. I felt as if I were looking at her image in a mirror, not at her real self; or as if she were encased in crystal—unapproachable. There is something awful in a great and sublime sorrow that seems to place the mourner in another sphere. I left her that day feeling cold and far off, and with a most painful sense of inferiority; but her exquisite tact perceived the cause of my pain; and at our next meeting she allowed her tears to flow freely, and permitted me to see the lowly desolation to which Divine support was vouchsafed. She spoke of her own life as ended; the world closed to her as an individual: and yet when she spoke of others, I found her alive to their joys and hopes, as well as to their sorrows: instead of being absorbed in self, her sympathy flowed fresh and free as ever, but its channel was deepened. Speaking of her former sympathy with affliction, she said,—

"I did feel for all I perceived, but it was a shallow pity; I did not know that the human heart was capable of such anguish."

The words thrilled on my ear, and I started. She was too truthful to affect unconsciousness; and blushed as she said gently,—

"For years those words rung on my ear as the refrain of a very sorrowful song, and they came unconsciously to my lips. For years I reproached myself, and thought how much happier you had been if you had never known me; and I used to wish you could forget or dislike me; because I knew nothing about it then; but when I learned that it is better to love than even to be beloved (words I did not understand, when you used them), I learned to believe you; and now I *know* how much better is bereavement, by death or otherwise, than the calm of dormant or stunted affections; the peace of having nothing to lose."

"Nothing true ever is lost," I replied; "it only takes another form of existence."

"I know that now," she said; "and, as we have touched on the subject, I must tell you that Henry honored and blessed you for your generous rejection of a sacrifice which was due to you."

A sacrifice, indeed, it would have been; and now I rejoiced that I had not selfishly grasped the unopened bud: it would not have withered in my bosom; but it would never have developed into a perfect flower of love, which crowned even her widowhood with glory.

This visit cemented our friendship in many ways. Her whole character, intellect, and feelings, was now fully formed; our converse was no longer as teacher and disciple, but as equal friends; and I carried back to my English rectory many precious thoughts, many suggestions for others, many high aspirations for myself, of which she was the author, so that solitude never seemed lonely.

I saw her twice afterwards, at considerable intervals, and found her each year a more lovely specimen of a Christian lady; wielding an influence over every class of mind; entering into every form of human life—its hopes, its fears, its perplexities, its wants; just as the ocean sends its waters into each crevice of the rocks, each opening in the sand-hills, unchanged by what it touches; she seemed to be the chosen depository of every form of confidence; from that of the intellectual sceptic, for whom her quick intuition severed truth from error, down to the inhabitants of the country gaol, whose hardened brows often bowed and blushed before the purity of her kindness.

I had returned from my last visit in 1846, and was deeply engaged in parochial and literary work, when that fearful blight fell on the fields of Ireland, almost immediately followed by famine and pestilence. She at once returned to her brother's parish (this parish, dear George), where, as in other portions of the coast lying between the mountains and the ocean, the calamity had fallen with peculiar severity. At first we had no idea what it would be; yet each account deepened into more profound wretchedness. Her letters to me never entered into detail; she said, "It is a relief to have your help, without giving those harrowing descriptions which reduplicate our miserable work when

we want a moment's rest; but which are necessary to excite the interest of strangers." But I afterwards saw her letters to others, and then I felt how dull, how dead I had been not to perceive that personal help was as much needed as the money and supplies which I had busied myself in sending. To say the truth, I lived in hope of an invitation, and felt it so great a privilege to work with them that I dared not propose it. Very early in the spring, with an acknowledgment of a sum of money she wrote these words: "Can you come and help us? My brother is worn out; you have been my best friend, and to you I turn in this extremity." The letter had been delayed; five days had elapsed when it reached me; but, thank God, not a moment was lost after. I heard the roar of the Atlantic, and, mingled with its awful voice, there arose occasionally a wail like human sorrow. I came in sight of the church; a clergyman, in his surplice, was leaning against the pillar of the gate, his head bowed on his hands; there was a turn in the road, and the cry, feeble, and of unutterable sadness, rose again; the sexton stopped me, and besought me to "help the master; it will kill him;" not another word; but I knew it all. The man spoke to him; and with a look that even at that moment struck my heart, he said, "God bless you!" and put on me the surplice, and placed the book in my hands; and there I stood to welcome her to her last earthly dwelling. Blessed be God for that service for the burial of our dead! How could my soul cleave to the dust, how could it look down into the grave, while I pronounced the Saviour's words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and knew that they were true!—while I gave thanks that she was now in joy and felicity; and knew that so it was. There was only one moment when human anguish had the mastery; when the coffin was lowered, and *that* sound fell on it; and just then a sunbeam, struggling through the clouds, glittered on the name, as if her parting smile; then I continued the service unbroken by one sob; and when it was ended a woman, with a cry like a wounded animal, rushed forward, and kneeling over the open grave covered the coffin-lid with ivy and primroses, uttering all the while the low, low wail, "Miss Ellie! Miss Ellie!" It was the same who years before, on that first day, brought her the

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flowers, and said, "Not too beautiful for you." The utter desolation of all gave me strength; I was there as her friend to comfort others; even then, as the cry arose, I was struck by the feebleness of the wail. Large men seemed unable to place the sods; *I did it*; I helped to cover her; I arranged all; and then I looked for her brother. He had sunk on a tombstone, and relieved from the task to which he had nerved himself, he was weeping like a helpless child; his wife trying to soothe him. But, as the people began to disperse, he suddenly rose, saying, "These people are starving;" and with rapid steps led the way to the place where food was distributed: it was their hour; and a dense mass of human creatures surrounded the door, in every stage of wretchedness, from the eager famine which clutched the food and devoured it, to the apathetic state in which it was necessary to rouse and to feed them. Rags, dirt, effluvia, disease—all seemed concentrated round this building; and there I stood, where she had stood six days before, measuring, seeing that none were overlooked, guarding the weakest, and putting food into lips that could scarcely open; while her brother, without a coat, and his shirt-sleeves turned up, stood over the steaming cauldrons, working to his utmost power of manual labor, till all were supplied. Then to each was given a portion for the evening meal, and then the crowd dispersed. The prayers and blessings of many mingled with the curses and grumblings of a few; while many a voice, too weak to speak before, took up the cry, "Miss Ellie! Miss Ellie!—our darling lady."

The first words he spoke were of the present scene: "Those who have helped us at first have sunk one by one; none left. I thank God you are come!" It was not till we reached this house that I heard more. A few broken sentences told me that the day after she wrote to me she was engaged as usual in the soup-kitchen; and then, as she did always, she rode up the mountain with a basket of food, lest any had been unable to come. She found an infant at the breast of

a dead mother; she took it and warmed it in her bosom, and while she was trying to feed it the baby died; she had to leave them there, and there was none to bury them. That evening, while writing as usual details of their wants and expenditure, she fell asleep; when placed in bed her mind wandered a little; she spoke of the green pastures and the river of life as if she beheld them; she spoke to her husband, as if he were beside her; and then, with an expression of profound satisfaction, she repeated thrice, "that Name which is above every name;" and then she fell asleep, and awoke no more. She died, exhausted by her struggle against human misery; beaten to death by the waves of a sorrow beyond her power to surmount.

I took up her work, and remained with her dear brother; no words can tell how dear he became to me! (Poor Nurse had preserved for me one long ringlet: you will always be kind to Nurse, whom you have known so long as my faithful housekeeper.) I resigned my parish to devote myself to him and his; he had her eyes in a rougher setting; her generous and devoted spirit, with less natural energy and power. Those deep gray eyes became larger and more brilliant as the cheek sunk and the voice became hollow. The misery of the people was relieved by sacrifices (by which you are the chief loser) which the emergency demanded; so that *his* last months were not tortured by the sight of wretchedness he could not relieve; and he went down to the grave in peace; and I saw him laid beside his sister, and I spoke again at her side the words of peace and hope and triumph, the victory of faith.

At his request this parish was given to me, and I rejoiced in the charge: and here it is, my dear nephew, you have known me, and have enjoyed your summer holidays beside the Atlantic; and here you will come to see your old uncle once again.

Her grave has never been without fresh flowers. You asked me with surprise who could place them there so early in the morning; now you know. Try to arrange with my successor that it may be continued.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

Air—*Let Schoolmasters puzzle their brains.*

'Tis not very easy to tell
How language had first a beginning,
When Adam had just left the shell,
And Eve hadn't taken to spinning;
Or if, in some other queer way,
Men rose to be lords of creation,
What power brought their tongues into play,
Or prompted their speechification?
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some think they were ready inspired
With lexicon, syntax, and grammar,
And never like children required
At lessons to lisp and to stammer.
As Pallas by Jove was begot
In armor all brilliantly burnished,
So man with his Liddell and Scott
And Battman or Blomfield was furnished.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some say that the primitive tongue
Expressed but the simplest affections;
And swear that the words said or sung
Were nothing but mere Interjections.
O! O! was the signal of pain:
Ha! Ho! was the symptom of laughter:
Pooh! Pooh! was the sign of disdain,
And others came following after.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some, taking a different view,
Maintain the old language was fitted
To mark out the objects we knew,
By mimicking sounds they emitted.
Bow, wow was the name for a dog:
Quack, quack was the word for a duckling:
Hunc, hunc would designate a hog,
And *wee wee* a pig and a suckling.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

If asked these hard things to explain,
I own I am wholly unable;
And hold the attempt the more vain,
When I think of the building of Babel.
The primitive world to lay bare,
Philologists try, but I doubt it:
As none of them chanced to be there,
It's clear they know nothing about it.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

What Adam in Eden might speak,
Could not be the tongue of his mother;
It may have been Gaelic or Greek;
It must have been something or other.
It may have been Sanscrit or Zend,
Chaldaic, Assyrian, Arabic:
It may have had joints without end,
Or it may have been monosyllabic.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

But why should we puzzle our brains
With Etymological folly?
The prize wouldn't prove worth the pains,
Or help us a bit to be jolly.

For if we in twenty strange tongues
Could call for a beefsteak and bottle,
By dint of mere learning and lungs,
They wouldn't be nearer our throttle.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

I've ranged, without drinking a drop,
The realms of the dry Mithridates:
I've studied Grimm, Burnouf, and Bopp,
Till patience cried "*Ohe jam satis.*"
Max Müller completed my plan,
And, leave of the subject now taking,
As wise as when first I began,
I end with a head that is aching.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

The speech of old England for me,
Which serves us on every occasion!
Henceforth, like our soil, let it be
Exempted from foreign invasion.
It answers for friendship and love,
And all sorts of feeling and thinking;
And, lastly, all doubt to remove—
It answers for singing and drinking!
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

RETROSPECTION.

"I MIGHT have been"—oh! sad, suggestive words!

So full of hidden meaning, yet so vain!
How sadly do they sound on memory's chords,
And waken feelings of regretful pain!
I might have been a wiser, better man,
With signs of well-won honor on my brow,
Had I adhered to nature's simple plan,
Or reasoned with myself, as I do now.
True that my life has been with ills beset,
Early neglect and poverty and gloom,
Within whose shades—how well remembered
yet!—
My mind found neither sustenance nor room;
Yet, with instinctive longing for the right,
It sought for fitting food, and struggled towards
the light.

Too late to gather up the waste of years,
And turn to profit the encumbering dross;
The gold has vanished,—and these sudden tears
Attest my silent sorrow for the loss.
Too late to win the humble meed of fame
I hoped and strove for in my early days;
Too late to cast the shadow from my name,
And turn the world's hard censure into praise;
Too late to ask the dear beloved and lost,
Forgiveness for stern word and galling deed,
Uttered and done at such a fearful cost
That I am bankrupt,—and too late to plead:
But O my God! here on my suppliant knee
I ask,—Am I too late for mercy and for thee!

—*Miscellaneous Poems by John Critchley Prince.*